Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

EZEKIEL HOLMES, S. L. BOARDMAN, } Editors.

Our Home, Our Country, and our Brother Man.

Thick and Thin Sowing.

In our last, we made some remarks upon thick and thin sowing of wheat, and quoted from "Miller" the experiment made in his day upon the tillering of winter wheat, the process being aided by separating the roots and transplanting them two or three times before they came to maturity. The result was a yield of *three pecks and three quarts* from one kernel of wheat. Thirty quarts from one seed is a magnificent crop. It will be seen by this, that it is practicable to obtain the usual crop—say fifteen bushels per acre, from a very small quantity of seed. Only sixteen kernels, allowing them all to go through the same process and be equally prolific, would produce the fifteen bushels. As we said in our last, we do not state this for the purpose of recommending the practice, although it is very probable, if help or laborers were abundant, an acre so managed would bring an enormous crop, but to prove and illustrate the habits of the wheat plant for tilling, and what may be made of it by careful study and patient labor in aiding it. It is easily seen that, at the present cost of labor, fifteen bushels of wheat sown broad cast in the usual way, although at a much greater cost of seed, would, nevertheless, in the end cost much less. If we put on, say two bushels of seed at two dollars per bushel, equal to four dollars, with only the labor of harrowing in, the diminution in the cost of labor would greatly counter-balance, in its saving, the extra cost of seed. But yet, we wish to excite inquiry into the business of wheat culture, and give such facts in regard to some of the modes that have been practised to produce an increased crop from but little seed. We mention the Lois Weedon system, as practised by Rev. Mr. Smith, and will give an account of some of the experiments based on this system.

It was first introduced by Sir Hugh Platt, as long ago as 1600. He was so well pleased with the system that he published a work entitled "The New Art of Setting Corn." The celebrated Jethro Tull, some 120 years afterward pursued the mode with some important modifications. Tull had adopted a theory in his agricultural operations not altogether correct in its details, and yet full of important results. He presented the doctrine that manuring might be dispensed with, provided you pulverized the soil very fine, and kept it worked in that condition. Now he was only partly right. Manure should not, and indeed cannot be dispensed with as a general thing in agricultural operations—but, by working the soil, as Tull recommended, much less manure need be used, and even with none at all, better crops can be obtained than by working the soil in the common way with no manure.

He sowed his wheat in rows, say two rows six inches apart, and then a space of thirty inches between the next two rows. The wheat was then hoed and kept clear from weeds. The broad space was horse hoed and the narrow space hand hoed. This gave the wheat a chance to tiller out, and large crops were obtained for several years on the same spot without manure. He sometimes harvested in this way, *eighty bushels* to the acre. Mr. Smith's Lois Weeden system is the same, with some modifications. He adopted the plan of having triple rows, and a space of three feet between this tier of rows—that is—three rows of wheat drilled in with a foot space between three drills, and then, a space of three feet left vacant. He keeps this three feet space spaded, or forked up all the time, and the whole free from weeds. Next year, this three feet space is drilled to wheat, and the space that bore wheat last year, left vacant, and spaded, or forked up as the other. His soil is a clayey loam. It will be seen, that by this process, only half the space in an acre is actually covered by the crop, and yet the average yield, for ten successive crops, was thirty-four bushels of good wheat to the acre thus cultivated. Now, if in the ordinary mode of cultivating, we obtain 15 bushels and by using less seed and giving the wheat a little more room, and bestowing a little more labor without any manuring, we could obtain 34 bushels it would seem to pay. These facts and results are at any rate worth knowing.

What Farmers should Demand.

A bill to incorporate a State Agricultural College in Wisconsin, passed the Senate, but was defeated in the Assemby branch of the Legislature of that State. In a speech delivered in the former branch by Senator Van Wyck, we find the following paragraph, which shadows forth a prominent reason for the failure of the bill. He said:

"It is also unfortunate that the large and important class who are most interested in the object of this bill, are not themselves united in a just estimate of its advantages. Hundreds of active, intelligent farmers, will rejoice in its passage. Many more will, perhaps, regret it as of no practical utility and a waste of public money. Were it otherwise, were the farmers of this State united in this request, a public sentiment would have been created and an influence thrown in and around these halls, which, when the great Department of Agriculture should appear here, as now, to ask at our hands of its contributions, the moderate sum, the paltry sum, I had almost said—of thirty thousand dollars—would have quickly silenced all cavil and objection."

And this is the reason, we apprehend, why so much legislation, for the benefit of farmers, fails of accomplishing the good that is intended. As a class, farmers are too often found to work against their own interests, in legislation, because they look at the increase of taxation, small in its application to each person, and lose sight of the great benefits that will result from carrying out the measure for the advancement of agriculture, be it an agricultural college or a scientific survey of the State. It would seem that farmers of the present day, with the advantages given them by agricultural societies, and the light and knowledge afforded by the agricultural press, ought to be sufficiently enlightened and have regard enough for their own interests to judge at once what measures will promote them, and demand that they be carried out. It is in this view that the *Rural New Yorker*, commenting upon the above speech, forcibly remarks: "We quote the foregoing, not for the benefit of our Wisconsin readers alone, to show agriculturists precisely what they have got to do in order to secure recognition by their Legislatures and our Government. It is with the conviction that the wants of agriculturists must be told plainly, emphatically, persistently, and that men and measures relating to the interests of the country should be called by their right names, that we have felt constrained to write plainly upon such topics. If we complacently swallow all the doses politicians prepare for us, without making wry faces and telling them what we think of their vile drugs, and what we will do if they do not regard our palates and dignity, they will continue to dose us with nauseating appointments and measures, provided such serve their individual purposes best. This may be relied upon."

Ten Acres Enough.

"Ten acres enough!" exclaimes the well to do three hundred acre farmer, who wants all the land that joins him; "enough for what? Possibly it might answer for a barn yard and potato patch but what else, pray tell me, is it good for?" And when we answer that it is enough for a farm,—a farm upon which a large family can obtain a generous support besides "making money" every year, his surprise turns to absolute astonishment, and he is inclined to doubt the statement. But farmers who live upon large farms—those ranging from two to three and five hundred acres, are not aware how much can be produced upon ten acres of land provided it is well taken care of—nor are they aware of the large amount of work which can be performed to advantage upon this miniature farm. In many countries of the old world there are thousands of farms not over five acres in extent which yield handsome returns, while in the environs of our large cities, from one to three acres would be called a "place of considerable extent." Now, although we believe the rage for "large farms" and "more land" is detrimental to an improved system of agriculture—especially in times like the present—we also believe that a very small farm has many objections, and that the true mean lies between two extremes. In the former case the abundance begets wastefulness and superficial cultivation: in the latter, the farmer feels himself cramped and pressed for want of room, unless his situation admits of the cultivation of the small fruits as the main branch of his operations. Upon a very small farm, one is apt to feel the want of more pasture and a wood-lot, the latter a most important part of a farm; but a farm of from thirty to seventy acres of good soil, in a favorable location, well appropriated to pasture, woodland and tillage, combines within itself as many desirable features as we can well conceive.

In the vicinity of our large cities, farms have within a few years been sub-divided to a great extent and made very productive in the growing of small fruits for the city markets. In such locations ten acres have been found to be a sufficient number for profitable culture. In a little work, soon to be published, bearing the title at the head of this article, the author details his experience in cultivating a farm of ten acres in extent, in the vicinity of New York. The author commenced farming after having been engaged twenty years in commercial pursuits, and his experiences—judging from the extract we have seen—are given in a truthful, simple and practical manner, and possess the charm always incident to personal narration. He illustrated by several years of successful culture the truth of the sentiment contained in the introduction to the volume, a sentiment, often alluded to by theoretical men, and also often demonstrated in practice that "the mistaken ambition for owning twice as much land as one can thoroughly manure or profitably cultivate is the great agricultural sin of this country. Those who commit it by beginning wrong, too frequently continue wrong. Owning many acres is the sole idea. High cultivation of a small tract is one of which they have little knowledge."

Smut in Corn.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Having been troubled for the last two years with smut in corn, I wish to enquire the cause through the columns of your paper, and also how it may be avoided. Some of my neighbors are afflicted in the same manner, while others who use the same kind of seed and dressing raise corn entirely free from smut.

Respectfully yours, A SUBSCRIBER.

NOTE. What is called smut in Indian corn is a species of the fungus tribe of plants. It has its seeds or "sporules" as Botanists call such seeds, which are invisible to the naked eye. They fasten upon the green stalk where they germinate and produce the uncouth, blackish, burls called smut. These seeds thus form a new crop which infests the soil and sometimes the manure where the corn thus diseased is fed to cattle. It is thus continued in more or less abundance another year. We once knew a field where Indian corn had been planted for several years in succession so infested with it that the proprietor had to give up growing it there and move his corn patch to another part of his farm.

The best way to remedy, or rather to prevent the evil is to cut off and burn the smutty parts as fast as they appear, this will destroy the seeds and stop propagation from them at least. Shift the field to a distance from the smutty region. Salt mingled with the manure will help destroy the sporules also.—EDS.

Seedling Potatoes Again.

In answer to several queries put to us in regard to Bulkeley's seedling potatoes, we would say, don't be afraid to try them. They are valuable sorts, and have been approved by all those who have grown them. The American Institute awarded him their silver medal last year in Feb., and their diploma at their meeting the following September, as a testimonial of their appreciation of the quality of his seedlings and of his labors in propagating them.

Mr. B. proposes to put into each barrel, a few of the celebrated Belgium potatoes, which some of the European papers averred produced a *thousand* bushels per acre, and for a bushel of which the Massachusetts Agricultural Society gave $10 per bushel. We know nothing of this kind, but his seedlings are valuable varieties as we know from trial.

Sweetened up.

We received the other day, from Capt. Shedd of Winthrop, an excellent sample of maple syrup manufactured by him this spring. It was a superior article every way, but its excellence proved its destruction, for it soon went the way of all sweetening.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Mutton and Wool.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Is it true or is it merely an ungrounded prejudice, that Merino mutton is not so good as other mutton—that in both flavor and quality it is inferior to the English mutton sheep? There is such an opinion afloat, and received probably by a large majority in this vicinity; but there are many opinions afloat which are widely spread and exert a great influence, that have no foundation in truth. How many believe that the moon governs the weather! and how many farmers have been themselves governed by the moon in very many important farming operations! It is well to reverence all that is good in the past, but that blind reverence for mere superstitions, which prevents a thorough sifting and investigation of all subjects worth being investigated, is more to be deplored than all the "South Sea manias" that ever prevailed. "Mount Shiloh," in your paper of April 7th, assumes that Merino mutton is inferior, and the Commissioner of Agriculture makes the same assumption, and this is the main objection that they can bring against this breed of sheep.

Now the fine haired ox is best for the shambles, the Suffolk hog makes the finest grained and best pork, and from analogy we should suppose that fine-wooled sheep would give us the finest grained and best mutton. But let us examine the question more closely. In the first place, I never heard that the owner of Merino sheep found fault with their mutton. Indeed I have heard many of them praise it, and say they preferred it. Hon. Wm. R. Flint, of North Anson, has eaten Merino mutton for thirty years without detriment, and even says he likes it best of any, and looks as though he believed what he said. Let us next inquire how Merino mutton stands in the great markets. I will quote from the Hon. H. S. Randall's Fine Wool Sheep Husbandry. "Even the epicurism of England has decided that this breed produced *prime mutton*. Sir Joseph Banks, in a report made in 1802, says: 'Experience has demonstrated already, both at Windsor and Weybridge, (the royal residences) that Spanish mutton is of the best quality for a gentleman's table.' Mr. Wilson, the present Professor of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh, in a recent excellent paper on 'The various breeds of Sheep in Great Britain,' furnished by him to the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal, says: 'They (the Merinos) are hardy, and not more subject to disease than our own breeds; they thrive very well on moderate keep, and may be fed up to 110 to 120 pounds weight at two years old; the mutton is considered to be of very good quality.' The report of Fessier and Hazard, made to the Institute in the year eight of the Republic, shows that the same opinion prevailed even thus early in France. They say, 'The experiments we had formerly made in feeding of Spanish sheep have not been fully detailed. It has been undeniably proved that all those animals were fattened, and their flesh was at least as delicate as that of any other breed of sheep.' Various French writers confirm these views. It is to be remembered that in England the Merino mutton had to encounter long established and obstinate prejudices. Its people were accustomed to carcasses of a particular form, fat laid on in a particular way, and more of it in proportion to the lean meat than the Merino readily takes on. On the other hand, the great body of Americans are neither accustomed to, nor do they choose excessively fat fresh meats of any kind, and particularly mutton. Most of them after attempting to eat well cooked New Leicester or Dishley mutton with two and a half or three inches of outside fat, turn away from it with loathing or eat only the leaner parts. * * * The meat of the Merino, when well fatted and properly treated, is juicy, short grained, high colored and well flavored."

Happening to meet with Mr. L. Bixby, of California, last fall, I obtained from him the following written statement.

"I hereby certify that the weight of my Vermont buck's fleece sheared in 1859 was 42½ lbs., and the age of the fleece 14 months and 10 days. The fleece never had a drop of oil applied to it and was cleaner than similar fleeces in Maine. The pelt of this buck taken off eight months after shearing, is now preserved and weighs 38 lbs. dry. The 'thousand dollar' Hammond buck shears 34½ lbs. of clean unwashed wool. The Spanish Merino mutton is of better quality than the mutton of the coarse wooled sheep, and brings one cent a pound more in the San Francisco market. The meat is finer grained, the lean and fat better mixed, and there is less waste according to the carcass. Our clip of wool for 1863 was 140,000 lbs. L. BIXBY, or L. B. & Co.,

San Juan, Monteray Co., Cal."

The report was quite current in these parts that Mr. Bixby, in order to obtain the 42½ lbs. fleece, oiled the buck frequently, and then turned him out to run in the dust. With Mr. Bixby mutton is an important item to be considered, since he has a market for it at his own door, while his market for wool is in New York and Boston. Last fall he sold 3300 sheep to the San Francisco butchers at one time. Mr. Bixby was offered by a wool-grower in California, $600 for the use of his "thousand dollar" buck four weeks next July. "Ah!" Shiloh will say, "that man has got the mania." But let us estimate a little before we send him to the Insane Hospital. In four weeks that buck might become the sire of 150 lambs, worth to the man for breeding purposes in his own flock perhaps $1500. We see by this estimate that the only question after all is this. Is that really a superior animal to breed from? If so, the man is safe enough. In a letter received from Mr. Bixby last December, he says, "As regards our experience in sheep and wool growing, we find that the more Spanish Merino we have the more profitable, not in wool only, but mutton also."

That the Merinos may be successfully used for stall-feeding I will refer you to the Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for 1862, page 231. I will now dismiss this part of the subject and notice some other points in Mount Shiloh's communication.

It is not true of any coarse wooled sheep I was ever acquainted with, that one hundred ewes kept together in one flock, and managed as the best farmers usually manage their sheep in this State, "will yield from one hundred to one hundred and twenty lambs." They will not yield so many, on an average, as the same number of Merino ewes kept in the same way, and for this reason: Coarse wooled sheep cannot be made to prosper so well in large flocks as Merinos can. Hon. J. B. Grinnell in the last Report of the Commissioners of Agriculture, page 305, says: "The coarse-wooled mutton sheep produce less wool than the Merinos, consume more food, *are unsuited by nature to congregating in large flocks*, and do not live so long as the Spanish Merino." In my opinion there is no question about the kind of sheep best for large flocks. The Merino being naturally more gregarious are the proper kind. The only chance for an argument is where small flocks of less than fifty are kept and the owner wishes to sell his lambs to the butcher.

On the subject of *yolk*, Shiloh is too deep for me. Randall says "all writers are agreed that it renders wool pliant and promotes its growth." Again he says that "both the learned and the unlearned have believed that it constitutes a portion of the *pabulum* of the wool." Shiloh would have us believe that this secretion of yolk is clear waste, but if so, how can the Merino be so easily kept and so hardy? This secretion is natural and healthy. It is absolutely necessary to the production of good wool. It is also probably necessary to prevent too great friction at the joints of the fleece, and also to prevent the felting of the fleece. Now if yolk performs all these good offices, and is actually "food" for the wool, promoting its growth, we need not trouble ourselves much about it. An excess of yolk should, however, be avoided, except in selecting a buck to cross with native sheep, in which case the excess in the buck might make up for the deficiency in the natives.

Mount Shiloh asserts that the Merino sheep yields no more wool than sheep of other breeds of similar size. I might bring forward a large amount of testimony to subvert this assertion. A full blooded Merino has about 44,000 fibres to the square inch; the coarse wooled sheep of Germany about 5,500, and ours probably about the same. Now it seems strange when the Merino is much better covered with wool than the native sheep, and the fleece is eight times as compact, that it should be no heavier!

The quiet disposition of the Merino is a strong argument in its favor, especiall when in the pasture. The following estimate I believe to be under the truth rather than over. Three Merino ewes, taking an average from a large flock, can be kept a year as cheap as two natives. They will yield at least sixteen pounds of well washed wool, and the natives not more than eight pounds. So that we not only have a better quality of wool that will bring a higher price in the market, but twice the number of pounds for the same cost in keeping.

Will not brother Shiloh come down from his misty mountain tops and give us in plain farmer style, his real name. Should I go that way I should like to call on him. I half suspect him of having purchased a high priced coarse-wooled buck, and of having the Cotswold fever, though he may not have the Merinos.

Yours, &c., SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Jackson, April 12, 1864.

For the Maine Farmer.

Italian Bees.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Inasmuch as the superiority of the Italian bee has not been fully established in the minds of bee-keepers generally, and as it is by experience that it must be established, if at all, I propose to give through the columns of the *Farmer*, my experience in introducing the Italian queen to a hive of common bees, with the result.

In the spring of 1863, I saw an advertisement in the *Farmer* that Mr. C. B. Cotton of West Gorham, Maine, would furnish the pure Italian queen, warranted to be fecundated by a pure Italian drone, for five dollars each. I immediately ordered two queens, one for my neighbor, Mr. Greenlief Smith, and one for myself. But owing to orders being in before us, we did not get our queens till the very last of July. They were sent to us in small boxes, accompanied by about two hundred Italian worker bees. The boxes in which they were sent, were fastened to a board, side by side, intending to be sawed apart before giving them their liberty. This, through ignorance, we failed to do, but gave them their liberty as they were sent, and the consequence was, the queens got together and one was killed in the fight.

The remaining queen we introduced to swarm in a moveable comb hive of Mr. Smith on the second day of August. Eight days before this, however, we had removed the native queen from the hive preparatory to the introduction of this Italian queen. The swarm immediately commenced to rear a new queen, as soon as they discovered the loss of their old one, by starting seven queen cells, all of which were cut out at the time we introduced the Italian queen. They were then ready to adopt the Italian queen as they had no eggs or young worms to rear a queen from. When we lifted out each sheet of comb to cut these queen cells, we judged that there was not more than eight pounds of honey in the hive. In November following we again examined the swarm by lifting out every sheet of comb, and we found the hive nearly full of honey; and the bees had changed almost entirely to Italians, and but few of the native bees to be seen in the hive.

All this was accomplished after the honey season had passed for the common bees. As one interested in bee-keeping, I should like to hear from others who have tried the Italianbee.

Winthrop, April 15, 1864. C. M.

For the Maine Farmer.

Merino Sheep.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the *Farmer* of March 31, is an article from Merino, in reply to my sheep queries, in which the writer—though doubtless without intending it—misrepresents me. I did not say, "I thought the Merino mutton was not eatable," nor "that they were unprofitable sheep to keep." I stated that I *had been told so*; but I stated plainly for myself, that "I knew but very little personally about them." Merino says, the best mutton sheep in market are, Spanish Merinos. Now, this is more than I can swallow, it is contrary to nature. I cannot believe that the best *wool* breed, and the best *mutton* breed, are one and the same, any more than I can that the best racer, and best cart horse, belong to the same breed. What I wished to know was, whether the Merinos would make good fair mutton? A large sheep dealer came here last fall to buy lambs for market. He instructed the man employed by him "not to buy any Merino lambs,"—the direction was unnecessary as there are no Merinos here—but supposing a man had all the Merinos he could winter beside the lambs, what would he do with them, if they would not sell? I have no prejudice at all, against the Merinos, but my object is to get at the honest truth in regard to the merits of the different breeds of sheep. I wish to express my thanks to "Mount Shiloh," for his articles upon the subject. I can appreciate what he says about the "Merino sheep fever," for I had it myself last fall, but not having the ample means required to purchase a buck, I was obliged to wait until they might be had lower, or I had more money, I therefore thought best to improve the time by getting all the information I could—hence my queries in the *Farmer*. Time subdues all things, and has subdued my fever; now if I go in for the Merinos, it will be because I am convinced of their superior merits, ditto of any other breed. I intend to buy or hire a buck next fall, if I can decide which kind is best. I should like to see something about the South Downs, if any one has the practical information to give.

A YOUNG FARMER.

Roxbury, April 14*th*.

For the Maine Farmer.

Maple Sugar.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have ever been an advocate for making maple sugar, but have been met by my neighbors with this objection: that it was hard work and would not pay. I am now eighty years old, and to answer their objections, I will state what I have done the present spring. I commenced to tap my trees the 25th of March; tapped fifty, and with my own labor have made one hundred and forty pounds of good sugar, which sells for thirty cents per pound, and no grumbling. I did it all in the woods. I tap with a three-quarter inch auger, or bit. I bore into the tree from one to one and a half inches. I know from experience and observation, that it is not best to plug up the holes, as the damage to the tree will be less where the wound is left free to cleanse and dry. GIDEON POWERS.

Paris, April 13*th*, 1864.

For the Maine Farmer.

"To whom it may Concern."

I noticed a statement in the *Farmer* of the 14th taken from the *Lewiston Journal*, stating that Dea. Jacob Golder of that place, has a cow from which he has made 398 lbs. of butter the past year, that is 1 lb. and about 2 oz. per day for the entire year. We would inquire of what her feed was, what it cost to keep her a year, what price he puts upon her, and if the cow *fever* is not raging in that vicinity? It looks a little like it. In this vicinity we think it a good cow that will make 200 pounds per year.

Stetson, April 14*th*. MR. DOUBTFUL.

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Shepherd Dog.

I will give a short account of what I used to do with my dog COLONEL, which I fear those who have never seen a well broke dog work, will be apt to class among *dog stories*.

When Colonel was six months old, I drove with him a flock of sheep from Ohio to Illinois, spending forty-seven days on the road. He had never been behind a flock of sheep until the day I started. In four weeks' time I could send him into a hundred acre pasture, and he would make the circuit of it and bring the flock out without leaving a sheep, and without hurrying them out of a walk. By the way, it is very important to break a dog to go slow—the most of dogs are too eager and hurry sheep too much. I ferried the Wabash river at Attica. The boat ran up on a low lever bar where were no yards or fences to assist in getting the sheep aboard. With two hands and the dog I loaded the boat without having to catch one of them, and the flock made five boat loads. I got up on the bank where the dog could see me well, and then by motions made him jam the flock down tight to the boat, and when well jammed up, mount on their backs and by barking and *nipping*—not severe enough to say biting—shovel them right in. No ten men without a dog could have loaded them so soon, if at all.

When I had occasion to drive, not to exceed ten hundred sheep a few miles, I wanted no other help but the dog's. I have driven that many sheep along the road six or eight miles, where it was unfenced, sometimes on one and sometimes both sides, myself being ahead of the flock, the dog behind, the sheep so strung through the timber that perhaps I did not see the dog for an hour at a time.

When the flock got to spreading out fan shaped, as a flock will where there is a chance to pick, Colonel would go out and turn in the corners, passing up just far enough to effect that purpose and no farther. He used apparently as much judgment in passing up the side of a flock just so far, as would a man. When he was in doubt about an order, he would stop and look back until the motion was repeated. I have many a day driven all over the prairie and taken a flock in every direction by walking on before, leaving him to bring the sheep after me, without looking at him or speaking to him. I could send him two miles out into the prairie after a thousand sheep which were strung for half a mile, and he would collect and drive them all up to me. I have owned other dogs which would do the same, but none but him that did not rush the sheep too hard.—I could send Colonel over a fence and on ahead a quarter of a mile to stand in a cross-lane to prevent the flock from turning out of the road. I have herded a thousand sheep with him for weeks on pieces of grass surrounded by other crops.—When herding on a piece of grass bounded on two or more sides by other crops, I watched one side and let him guard the remaining sides. His manner was to steal quietly along in the edge of the corn wherever he saw the sheep approaching too near, and show himself merely sufficient to make them turn their heads in another direction, yet not enough to frighten them over to the other side of the field. With him I could feed off a piece of grass bounded on all sides by corn clear to the edge without allowing the sheep to destroy a dozen ears. I herded one fall on a farm of about seven hundred acres which had not a single division fence. There were about a dozen shoats which were frequently getting under the gate into the farm, making it necessary for the owner of the farm to mount his horse and ride through two hundred acres of corn to get them out. As I came up with my flock for dinner one day, I met him at the gate as he was about to ride out into the corn. Hailing me he said, "Those (emphatic) shoats are out again in the corn; don't you think Colonel would bring them out? I told him I thought he would; so I showed the dog the pig tracks and said, "Hunt them out, Colonel." We sat down at the gate while Colonel struck out into the corn. In the course of twenty minutes he came out with five or six of them, keeping far enough behind to not have them turn at bay, and guiding them always towards the gate. He made three or four trips until all were out. He acted as if he knew that it would not do to worry a hog if you wished to drive him. Now your cur dog would have pitched into the first hog he came to, grabbed him by the ear and had him so well chawed up and sulky that you would have had to haul him out of the field. Right here allow me to say that even if one has no sheep, a Scotch shepherd is the best farm dog he can have. They are not severe enough or strong enough to hold a hog, but for driving all sorts of stock are quite a help, which is more than can be said of the mongrels which most men keep. In looking at some of our nondescript curs, I have frequently wondered whether, if their pedigree could be traced, they would not be found to have some of the blood of the thirty-nine of the forty pure breeds into which the dog race is divided.—Would not some future Dog Heraldry Office have a good time in making out a family-tree for some plebian cur that wished to set up as a patrician on the strength of having made a pile by a shoddy contract? You will hear almost every man who owns a "yaller dog" (could I put it any better?) say that he would not take twenty, fifty or one hundred dollars for "that thar dog thar." I notice that men price their dogs in very even sums—and the meaner the dog the higher the figure at which some lucky man might become his owner. Among dogs I do not believe there are more than three or four *breeds* which pay in dollars and cents for their keep, and among these few breeds not one in ten of the *individual* dogs composing them is anything but a nuisance. The shepherd dog, not only as a breed, is of great value, but nine-tenths of individual shepherd dogs are worth to their owners in cash from five to fifty dollars per year.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Breeding Poultry.

As the subject of Poultry Breeding seems to be at this time occupying the minds of our young and enterprising agricultural community, a few words from an Eastern subscriber upon this subject, may not come amiss.

In the first place, poultry keeping may be made as *remunerative* to the farmer as any domestic animal he may keep; but to do this he must give them the same attention as is bestowed upon his swine, cows, horses or other animals; they should be housed and fed as regularly as any other farm stock. The lack of this is one of the most prominent mistakes made by many farmers. I never take my breakfast until my fowls have had theirs or my tea until they have *picked* their *platters* clean. And above all, be sure your fowls have access to pure water. I mean *pure water*, not that which has been exposed to the rays of the sun for the past 12 hours; and again be careful that the coop is raked and cleaned of all manure and other filth every week, and lime freely spread about the roosting apartment.

We will imagine our reader to be the possessor of a coop 24 by 12 feet, the front partly glass, without floor. Now if there is a prospect of your fowls being allowed to roam about the farm, you may keep 25 fowls; if confined most of the time, not more than 12 in number can be profitably and comfortably accommodated. Your first duty in the morning is to wash your water dishes thoroughly, and replenish with the purest water; then satisfy their hunger with grain, corn and oats. I prefer oats to barley for laying fowls, keeping by them continually either soaked scraps, or old beef or horse flesh, which is much better than scraps. Allow them free access to finely pulverized oyster shells or lime. Your fowls will need no more attention until evening, at which time feed with *scalded* meal. The coop should be thoroughly whitewashed two or three times during the season, and allow no rooster with the flock in the winter season. I assure you, by this management and with the proper breed of fowls, your flock will return a large profit in eggs through the winter season. The stock fowls intended for the following winter should be hatched in March or April, so as to be matured and in laying condition in the fall.

I am wintering 50 pullets of the Braham breed, which I believe is now admitted by all American as well as English and French poulterers to be far superior to any known kind. I certainly find them for laying qualities and for the market much better than any breed I have ever kept. The live weight of my 50 pullets is 325 lbs., averaging 6½ lbs. per fowl. I have single pullets weighing from 8 to 9 lbs. My eggs sell readily from 3 to 5 cents more per dozen in our market than common eggs, on account of their size. I am fully convinced that the most unprofitable stock a farmer can keep is a flock of half-starved fowls, and that the most *remunerative* stock to the pocket as well as to the eye of the farmer, is a flock of well-fed and properly managed fowls.—JOHN S. IVES, *in N. E. Farmer.*

Breaking Kicking Cows.

There is nothing easier than for an animal to be impressed with the idea of cause and effect. The farmer who calls his pigs to dinner, associates in their minds that call and a fine meal. The shepherd teaches his whole flock to come at his word for the salt or meal which he gives them, and so in a hundred other instances. If cause and effect may be thus pleasingly connected together, it may be also in the way of pemlty. This brings me to my mode of treating kicking cows. I first place them in a small yard, and make myself familiar to them, if they are at all wild, by stroking them or feeding them small morsels. This may be continued for some time if necessary. I then commence milking, placing a switch or rawhide under my left arm, and the pail in the left hand, so as to evade any kick. My great leading principle is, never to strike but once at a time, no matter what the provocation may be, and always to keep perfectly cool. A single stroke always produces terror but not excitement, and is, therefore, infinitely more dreaded than a storm of blows, which induce a reaction.

When I commence milking, if the animal kicks or attempts to kick, the whip is quickly withdrawn from under the left arm by the right or milking-hand, and a single cut is applied to the back of the animal. If she starts to run, another single cut across the face brings her to a standstill. I am especially careful never to strike but once, and the whip is immediately returned to the left arm. The animal is stroked or soothed in a firm pleasant voice, and the milking re-commenced. Every repetition of the offence or attempt at the offence, is treated in precisely the same way. It is surprising to one who has not tried this mode, what a short time is required for the animal to understand exactly what is meant. The kick is always sure to be followed by the single dreaded blow, and the animal soon comes to understand that it is undesirable to repeat it. I once met with a cow remarkable for the large quantity of rich excellent milk which she gave, that was a furious kicker. Very few persons could endure her bad habits, and she had been sold from owner to owner at successively diminished prices. I told her last owner that I could easily cure her; the remark, of course, was received with perfect incredulity. The treatment I have described was given—at the first milking there was some pretty sharp blows from her hoof, which were dexterously evaded, and the single stroke of the whip given invariably in every instance. Before the milking was completed, they had become much less frequent. At the second milking, the animal kicked only twice—and the third none at all—in other words, she was cured, and in *two lessons*—only one-third the time which certain advertising pretenders offer to teach the French language. Before the operation, this cow was a terror to the milker—her legs were strongly strapped together, a man stood at her head, and the milker worked with a constant fear of some warlike demonstration. Now, she became mild and gentle, never stirred a foot, and with half-closed eyes continued to chew her cud as long as the milking was going on—and she seemed herself entirely satisfied with the change that had come over her.

I never found but one cow that I could not entirely break of kicking—and this was an animal of extraordinary shrewdness, who seeing my firm and prepared manner, would never kick while I had her in hand, although treating every other person with warlike demonstrations.

If men who manage domestic animals, would exercise a moment's reflection, they would see that their irregular, random and passionate treatment could do nothing else than make them worse. They must adopt a kind, firm, self-controled manner, and a complete system, faithfully carried out, to produce the desired results.—*Country Gentleman.*

Cultivation of Onions.

Success in this culture demands the most persevering industry and watchful care. No lazy man can succeed in it. Any land that will yield a good crop of Indian corn—say fifty bushels to the acre—can be made to produce onions. There are several essential points in the culture to be regarded.

The soil must be thoroughly prepared. Nothing less than the best garden culture will fit it for growing the onion. Although the plant matures chiefly on the surface, still its delicate fibres penetrate to to the depth of a foot or more, in search of sustenance and moisture; and therefore every facility to aid their ready penetration should be afforded—not only aid to penetrate, but vigilance to preserve from harm. Nothing can be more injurious to the growth of the onion, that the rude fracture of these fibres. Hence weeds should have no place on onion grounds. I have frequently known a loss of full half the crop by suffering them to remain a week too long without eradicating the weeds. When the injury is once done, it cannot be repaired. The delicate sensitiveness of the onion admits no atonement for a wanton injury.

A good crop may not be expected without unremitted vigilance and care. Care from the beginning to the end—care in the preparation of the ground—care in the selection and growing of the seeds—care in depositing—care in eradicating the weeds—care in securing the crop, and care in taking it to market, under circumstances the most favorable.

First and foremost, it is necessary to be vigilant in planting the seed early. Those who are up and doing, are sure to find their reward in growing the onion. There are so many embarrassments in the way of their successful growth, in this cold and changeable climate, that no fair day after April commences, should be permitted to pass without something being done on the field for onions, either in fitting the ground, fining the manure, or in distributing it upon the surface so that it will not be in the way of the even distribution of the seed. The seed is distributed by machines, in rows fourteen inches apart, as straight as they can be made, to facilitate the safe movement of the onion weeder, which passes between the rows so guaged as to cut the weeds without disturbing the plants. Whatever weeds remain uncut, are carefully removed by the fingers of boys or girls, who pass on their knees between the rows. No one who is afraid of soiling their knees or their fingers need engage in the culture of the onion. Nothing short of a close embrace will command the sympathy or affection of this plant.

I have spoken of thorough manuring, and rarely have I known a crop to be injured by a too free application of manure. Ordinarily, six, eight or ten cords of good, well fined manure is applied annually to each acre, and such application I have known successfully for twenty years. Unlike most other crops, the onion continues to grow well after itself for many years in succession. I know no limit in this respect.

Any good manure is good for onions. None better than that made in the barn-yard, where stock is generously fed, and where the shovel is faithfully used in fining it. Fining of the manure and pulverization of the soil are essential prerequisites to the growing of the onion.—*Country Gentleman.*

Improving old Meadows and Orchards.

A fruit grower in Canada thus relates his experience in renovating an old apple orchard and a worthless meadow. The soil was a poor, shaly, yellow sand, which from the presence of thin veins of clay hardpan, running horizontally through it, and from the neighborhood of a higher land was always more or less wet, with cold, spring water; it was not wet enough to be swampy, but it was always cold and moist. The apple trees were most miserable affairs, stunted and covered with bark lice. All these branches were covered with these lice to the last year's growth, and the fruit was mere rubbish, although of good kinds.

We commenced with plaster, putting at the rate of a barrel and a half to the acre. We tried lime in some parts, and ashes in others, without marked effect. The plaster, however, told wonderfully; and the second year we had a great increase in the apples, and also of the grass. We then sowed the seeds from a hay loft over the whole. We fed cattle on it, and spread all the droppings in the spring. The grass mended tolerably, but the apple trees grew very fast. We continued this course for three years, putting on plaster every year. The grass continued good, and the trees grew so fast that they soon shed the old bark, and with it the bark lice, and bore fruit to the astonishment of every one.

We observed that where there was any high grass left in the fall, the meadow improved the next year. We still could get no manure to the place. The apple trees had spread their branches so low that cattle destroyed the fruit. We were afraid that the continued plastering without manure would ruin the ground, and therefore tried cutting the meadow once for hay, and leaving the whole of the after grass to rot on the ground. The success of this exceeded belief. The succeeding spring the grass was a month earlier than it was before. We continued the plaster, and have since that time followed the same course. The apple trees are now grown to such an extent that pasturing is out of the question, and we now content ourselves with one cut of hay, and the apples the last three years—we have had extraordinary heavy crops as much as four tons per acre.

This is not a mere casual experiment; we have now cultivated the field for nine years. We have quadrupled the amount in grass. We have the best bearing orchard in the neighborhood; all the tree and bark lice are gone from them, and the new branches which have come out are larger than the original bodies of the trees; and I have no hesitation in saying that the place is worth four times the rent it was when we commenced the system.

We have since tried other meadows on clay land, and the result is equal to that of the first experiment. I can, therefore, safely say that if you want to improve your meadows, plaster heavily in the spring, cut the first crop for hay, then let the after grass grow, and leave it to rot on the ground. Plaster again each spring, and in three years you will have brought the land into the best meadow you ever saw.

Don't pasture after the first crop, but leave the whole of the after grass.

If you can manure without fear of the expense or trouble, I should by all means do so; but whatevyr you do, see that you leave a heavy rug on the ground in the fall; so heavy that the frost will not be out of the ground so soon as in the neighboring land by a fortnight, and I will answer for the result.

Adjoining the orchard above mentioned we have a garden with some apple trees in it. We manure this, and dig round the trees, and raise vegetables. These apple trees bear one crop in three years only and the growth and health of the trees is not to be compared with those in the orchard, where the ground is never touched or manured, except by the after grass and plaster.

Coughing Horses.

It is well known that feeding horses on clover hay often makes them cough, but the why and wherefore may not be so generally known. From observation I have become fully satisfied that the manner of feeding hay to horses is the cause. The usual custom is to let them draw it through a rack, thus stripping off the fine dust which adheres to the stalk, which, being drawn into the lungs in respiration produces the cough. The cure consists in removing the cause—that is, the racks—and allowing the animals to take their food in the natural way. I have removed all of mine, and now feed my horses on the barn floor, having a breastwork sufficiently high for them to eat over. In this way they can be fed hay without raising a dust, they get none under their feet and the labor of cleaning out mangers is saved. Whatever is left is easily pushed out with a rake into the yard for the cattle. The

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, April 28, 1864.

Terms of the Maine Farmer.

$2.25 per annum, or $2.00 if paid within three months of the date of Subscription.

☞ *These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.* ☜

All payments made by subscribers to the *Farmer* will be credited in accordance with our new mailing method. The printed date upon the paper, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us *the name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Notice.

Mr. Jas. Sturgis will call upon subscribers in Waldo County, during the month of April.

Mr. V. Darling, will visit subscribers in Oxford County during the months of April and May.

Duties of the Home Army.

From all present appearances, a fearful struggle awaits our armies in the field during the coming season. The longer and more severe the struggle of our soldiery, the more imperative are the duties which devolve upon those who remain at home, to exert themselves in every possible way to aid and support those soldiers while they fight our battles. To do this requires courage, determination, prudence, skill and industry, all of a more quiet, but no less positive character than if you were in range of and under the fire of shot and shell of the enemy. The greater the array of men under arms, and the more energetic their movements and actions, the larger are the expenditures of Government, and the louder and more urgent must be the call of the Government on the people to aid by their taxes and contributions to meet those expenditures.

It will be the duty therefore of all of us who constitute the home army, in the first place, to produce and manufacture as much as possible. While our own wants must be met, notwithstanding the diminution of hands to do it, the wants of our brothers in field, in ship and fort, must also be met. Hardly any thing comes amiss to them, whether product of farm or factory. We should therefore, make it a religious duty to grow as much and as great variety of field and garden product, as we possibly can. All will be needed. What surplus we may succeed in producing will be gratefully received by our brave and noble boys in the army, and contribute to their health and comfort, and strengthen and nerve their hands in the great contest in which they are engaged, and on the success of which the hopes of freedom and humanity depend. A little more personal labor, a little more care and watchfulness may be necessary, but the results will abundantly reward all this. Be not discouraged because of the scarcity of labor among us, and therefore conclude that it will be best to fold up the hands and do nothing. Every one, health and strength permitting, can do a little more than heretofore, and those littles will swell the aggregate wonderfully. Let us all, therefore, be up and be doing, according to our powers and our means, as the spring advances and the earth becomes fitted by the cheering sun for the labors of the farmer and gardener.

In the next place it is the duty of the home army to gladly meet the taxes which Government finds it necessary to assess, in order to sustain them in the tremendous struggle for the preservation of its existence. They are heavy, it is true. It is difficult for many to meet them promptly, but at any rate they should be paid cheerfully, and looked upon as a necessity of the political life of the nation. It must be remembered that heretofore no nation on earth has had so little of taxation, as has ours. We have had all the protection and blessings of a just and mild government at a very little cost, compared with the people of other nations, and now, when the foul fiend of rebellion is trying to throttle and destroy our institutions, and the call for troops and munitions of war causes the laying of assessments on our business and property, it becomes us to meet them with zealous and generous feelings, assured that all is right and just, however hard it may draw upon property or business. Hitherto have the home army done bravely in this department of the fight, let us not flinch nor waver, if a still harder task come upon us. Property and life and liberty must be protected at whatever cost, for without that protection, it is all lost.

In the next place, it is the duty of the home army to cheer and encourage our brave defenders —"the boys in blue"—in all their trials, in all their arduous and dangerous marches and battles, to send them words of hope and encouragement and approval, to raise up and sustain their spirts, and also to send them material aid in the many contributions called for by the Sanitary Commissions, whose labors of love and kindness, in camp, in the battle field and hospital, are beyond all praise and above all computation of cost or price. Nobly, too, has the home army hitherto performed their share in this part of the strife, let them still keep their watch fires burning brightly, and their hearts alive and their hands ready to administer to the calls of distress and suffering humanity.

A Suggestion. We are not aware what action the Trustees of the State Agricultural Society have taken in regard to holding a fair the present season, but have heard it intimated that such a fair may be held. It has been several years since the Society held an exhibition, and we believe one held the coming autumn would be well attended and prove successful. If it is to occur, cannot some course be taken by means of which it may be made to contribute to the funds of the U. S. Sanitary Commission for the purpose of aiding our sick and wounded soldiers? Will not those who contribute thereto, give, either the article exhibited, or the premium obtained upon it, to the above humane association, and thereby contribute of their abundance a mite to relieve the sufferings and promote the comfort of our noble hearted, self-denying soldiers? We believe a fair upon this plan would be entirely consistent and practicable; that it would be contributed to with a freedom and generosity rarely excelled, and while answering the original purposes of such a Society by promoting improvement in the industrial arts, would also contribute a considerable sum to a most worthy and benevolent object. Cannot our county Agricultural Societies adopt the same course?

☞ In Lewiston, a petition is in circulation and has been unanimously signed of which the following is a copy:—

"To the Municipal Officers of the city of Lewiston: The undersigned, inhabitants of said city of Lewiston, in view of the great disgrace, misery, pauperism and crime which come directly and surely from the sale of intoxicating liquors, respectfully petition your honorable body to take such measures as you may be able legally to suppress the sale of such liquors within the city."

We would suggest to the friends of temperance in this city the propriety of a similar movement. Something should be done at once to stay the fearfully increasing tide of intemperrnce among us. The exercise of a little energy by our city authorities, backed up by a vigorous and determined public sentiment, would do much to rid the community of this terrible evil. Now is the time to act.

☞ A Mrs. Wilson committed suicide in Waterville on Friday, the 15th inst., by throwing herself from the bridge into the river. She had previously shown symptoms of insanity.

Village School District Meeting. The annual meeting of the Village School District of this city was held at the High School House on Saturday last. Artemas Libby, Esq., was chosen Moderator and Edward Fenno, Clerk. The following Board of Directors were chosen for the ensuing year: S. Titcomb, C. F. Penney, J. M. Meserve, John Young, J. B. Dyer.

The sum of $2,080 was voted for schools, repairs and discounts.

A committee consisting of Chas. Keene, J. M. Meserve and John Young was chosen to ascertain the expense of enlarging the High School House. The meeting then adjourned.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors on Monday, teachers were appointed for the several schools of the District as follows:

High School.—F. A. Waterhouse, Principal; Miss Hannah Holway, Assistant.

Grammar School.—John A. Andrews, Principal; Miss Sarah M. Phillips, Assistant.

Intermediate Schools.—Miss S. L. Gilman, Grove street; Miss Achsa L. Woodward, Chapel street; Miss Mary S. Keene, Winthrop street; Miss Lydia P. Mills, Crosby street; Miss Angenette Cony, Kendall street.

Primary Schools.—Miss Ada B. Phillips, Grove street; Miss Ellen Hamlin, Perham street; Miss Anna R. Church, Winthrop street; Miss Martha A. Poor, Crosby street; Miss Mary F. Phinney, Kendall street.

The schools of the District will commence the Summer Term on Tuesday next. Examination of pupils for admission to the Grammar School will take place on Friday at 9 A. M. and 2 P. M. Candidates for the High School will be examined on Saturday at 2 P. M.

The Assumption of the War Debt of the Loyal States. Hon. James G. Blaine, Representative in Congress from the 3d District of this State, has submitted a bill providing for the appointment of a Commission to ascertain the war debts of all the loyal States, with a view to their ultimate assumption and liquidation by the general Government. On Thursday last, Mr. Blaine addressed the House in support of the measure. A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* furnishes the following synopsis of his speech:

"His discussion of the measure embraced three propositions: First, the justice and expediency of refunding these amounts from the common treasury of the nation; second, the precedents for doing so, growing out of our practice in former wars; third, our ability to do so without impairing the national credit.

The gross amount thus to be refunded Mr. Blaine estimates at one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, every cent of which was expended for the benefit of the whole country as much as for the States that incurred the debt. The Southern States are saved from self-destruction, and new States are guaranteed an existence, as the result of these expenditures. Should they not, therefore, share in the burden, instead of leaving it a local debt on the States contracting it?

The precedents were very fully cited by Mr. Blaine, and were claimed to be "ample, broad and conclusive"—covering the entire ground, and pledging the government, by past practice, to the policy contained in his bill.

In supporting his third proposition Mr. Blaine examined with considerable elaboration the proportion of our anticipated national debt to our national resources. He contended that, if the war should last until July, 1865, our debt would be relatively lighter than our ancestors assumed in 1790, and immeasurably less in proportion than the British debt in 1815.

The measure is regarded as an important one, and a large edition of Mr. Blaine's speech will be circulated in the communities most largely interested."

The Battles in Western Louisiana. We give full details of the three days fighting in Louisiana between Gen. Banks' force and the rebels under Gen. Kirby Smith, which resulted in the complete defeat of the enemy. Four Maine regiments the 13th, 15th, 29th and 30th, were in the engagement, being attached to the 19th corps which, at the close of the second day, so opportunely checked the triumphant advance of the enemy, and participated gloriously in his final discomfiture on the third day. The 30th Maine suffered more severely than the others, having about seventy men, killed, wounded and taken prisoners.—The color staff was struck twice and shattered. The color sergeant was shot in the leg, but he bravely stood by the flag and held it up until relieved by another sergeant. Major Royal E. Whitman received a flesh wound in his hip;—Lieut. Short, Co. E. was killed; Captain Randall, Co. E, wounded in shoulder slightly, kept the field. Lieut. Col. Emerson of the 29th is reported wounded and in the hands of the enemy. The correspondent of the Boston *Journal* mentions the 29th Maine as among the regiments of the 19th corps, which distinguished itself by pre-eminent gallantry during the fight. A list of the casualties in the Maine regiments, so far as they have been ascertained, will be found in another column.

☞ A correspondent writing us from Washington, Knox County, makes some statements in regard to a systematic imposition practised upon the Government by men who have enlisted in the service and are now at home on furloughs feigning sickness. From time to time as their furloughs expire, they manage to get them extended by obtaining certificates of disability from some physician of the town. The writer mentions the case of one person, who enlisted two years ago who is now at home on furlough, doing his business as well as any other able-bodied man, drawing pay from the government, and obtaining State aid for his family. Another man, as soon as his furlough expires is sure to be taken suddenly ill with rheumatism in the legs, but is able to walk six miles and back after his day's work is done, for the purpose of getting his furlough extended. Our correspondent wishes to know if there is any way in which these men can be compelled to do their duty to the government. We would suggest that the town authorities give information in regard to these shirks to Provost Marshal Davis of this District, and we have no doubt that their cases will be promptly attended to.

☞ Six companies of the 31st Maine, numbering about 400 men, under the command of Maj. Arthur Deering, left this city on Wednesday last for the rendezvous of the Burnside expedition at Annapolis, Maryland. The seventh company had been mustered in, but its rolls were not completed in time to leave with the battalion. The remaining companies are rapidly filling up and will be ready to leave in a few days for the seat of war. The following is a list of the officers of the six companies which went forward on Wednesday:

Co. A—Capt. Seth E. Bryant, Kennebunk; 1st Lieut. Horace H. Burbank. Lewiston; 2d Lieut. Samuel A. James, Kittery.

Co. B.—Capt. Amos F. Noyes, Norway; 1st Lieut. Joseph E. Colby, Rumford; 2d Lieut. Henry M. Bean, Hebron.

Co. C—Capt. Hacket R. Sargent, Portland; 1st Lieut. H. B. Howard, New Gloucester; 2d Lieut. Chas. F. Burr, Freeport.

Co. D—Capt. Wm. R. Howe, Lewiston; 1st Lieut. Chas. B. Rounds, Danville; 2d Lieut. Jas. J. Chase, Turner.

Co. E—Capt. Ebenezer S. Keyes, Jay; 1st Lieut. Chas. W. Keyes, Wilton; 2d Lieut. James A. Stanley, Farmington.

Co. F—1st Lieut. Fred S. Gurney, Saco; 2d Lieut. John G. Whitten, Alfred.

An Officer Missing. The Portland *Advertiser* says that Lieut. Chas. A. Waterhouse, Co. C, 5th Maine, on the 15th of January left the army on a furlough of fifteen days, to visit his home in that city, having with him over $300. He was last heard from in Philadelphia, since which time his afflicted family have been unable to gain any information of his whereabouts.

☞ Mr. S. W. Fairfield has opened a new watch-making and jewelry establishment on Water street. Mr. F. is a graduate of the celebrated Waltham Watch Manufactory, and the public may be assured that all orders entrusted to him will be faithfully and skilfully executed.

Editor's Table.

The Color Guard: Being a Corporal's Notes of Military Service in the Nineteenth Army Corps. By James K. Hosmer, of the 52d Mass. Vols. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

Aside from the intrinsic merits of the book and the graphic and spirited narrative of events which it embodies, this work possesses a special interest in the circumstances under which it was written. Mr. Hosmer was a clergyman in Massachusetts and left his pulpit at the call of duty to enter the service as a private soldier, and though offered a higher position, he declined all preferment, choosing rather a place in the ranks, as one of the corporals intrusted with the defense of the colors of his regiment. During his time of nine months' service he prepared letters solely for the perusal of his friends in the form of a daily journal, which in deference to their judgment he has consented to give to the public. It is a narrative of the participation of his regiment in Gen. Banks' brief but successful campaign in Louisiana, which resulted in the capture of Port Hudson and the re-opening of the navigation of the Mississippi river. It is a faithful picture of the privations, sufferings and perils of those whose living and dying sacrifice is the costly price at which we are purchasing the redemption of our country from dismemberment and ruin. For sale at E. Fenno's.

Youth's History of the Rebellion, From the Bombardment of Fort Sumter to the Capture of Roanoke Island. By Wm. M. Thayer, author of "The Pioneer Boy," &c. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

Many of our young readers are familiar with the previous works of this author illustrative of the character and services of some of the public men who have distinguished themselves in civil and military life since the commencement of the present war for the Union. The volume before us is specially designed in a similar style to interest and instruct the young in the history of events which have transpired during the rebellion. The work is also adapted to general family reading, containing as it does the substance of the more voluminous histories at a much less price. Although presented in the guise of a story, historical accuracy has been signally adhered to throughout, while special pains have been taken to preserve the stirring facts and incidents of personal experience which give vivacity and spirit to the narrative. For sale at E. Fenno's.

New Music. We are indebted to Mr. Horace Waters, 486 Broadway, New York, for the following new music recently published by him:

The Sanitary Fair Polka. Composed for the New York Sanitary Fair, by Mrs. Parkhurst, one of our most prolific and popular native composers. Price 25 cents.

I Can't Forget. By Mrs. Parkhurst. This ballad, though simple, is very artistic in style, and is admirably adapted to the concert room and parlor. Price 25 cents.

When old friends were here, and *She was all the world to me.* The two last songs composed by the late Stephen C. Foster, the most successful song writer in this country. Those popular melodies "Old Uncle Ned," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Folks at Home," &c., composed by him, have made the name of Stephen C. Foster familiar as household words all over the land. Price 25 cents each.

Harpers' Magazine for May contains among its illustrated articles, a portion of Hall's account of adventures in search of Sir John Franklin in the years 1860-1-2. A most entertaining narrative. The other illustrated articles are as follows: Psyche; A Visit to the Convent of Sittna Damiane; Polly; How Mr. Penryn got the Dykedale Living; The Moon's Wanderings: A Stormy Night; and the conclusion of Dennis Duval, (Thackeray's last and uncompleted work.) For sale at Pierce's periodical depot.

Arthur's Home Magazine for May. The leading feature of the number is the continuation of Miss Virginia P. Townsend's excellent story, "The Way Through." Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia. Terms $2 per annum.

Brutal Assault and Probable Murder. A murderous and probably fatal assault was made on Friday evening 15th inst. at Norway village, on a student of the Academy, by a young man named Joseph Yeaton. It appears that some illfeeling had been engendered between the students and citizens, growing out of a political discussion in the Lyceum of the Academy. Yeaton and his father and brother applied for admission to the hall, but were refused, and hard words soon took the form of a scuffle, in which several persons of both sides participated. In the melee, Yeaton struck the injured student over the head with a slung-shot, crushing his skull, and it is supposed inflicting mortal injuries. It is feared that the young man cannot survive. The slung-shot used by Yeaton was a piece of iron 2¼ pounds in weight, in a stocking. The father and son were arrested and lodged in jail, but Joseph escaped. The Selectmen of Norway have offered $200 reward for his apprehension.

Perham's Mirror of the Rebellion will open at Meonian hall on Monday evening, May 9th. Particulars will be given by advertisement in our paper next week. This exhibition is said to be superior to anything of the kind ever presented to the public. The work has been executed by first class artists, and embodies the most important and interesting events of the war. One half the proceeds of the exhibition are devoted to the establishment of a Home for invalid and disabled soldiers, a large amount having been already realized for this patriotic and benevolent object. We hope it will be well patronized by the people of this city.

Portland and Kennebec Railroad Accommodation Train. The accommodation train between Augusta and Hallowell and Gardiner will run during the summer as follows:—

Leave Gardiner for Hallowell and Augusta, 7.30, and 9.30 A. M.; 1 and 4.30 P. M.

Leave Hallowell for Augusta, 7.53 and 9.53 A. M.; 1.23 and 4.53 P.M.

Leave Augusta for Hallowell and Gardiner, 8.30 and 11.20 A. M.; 2.15 and 5.30 P. M.

Leave Hallowell for Gardiner, 8.37 and 11.37 A. M.; 2.22 and 5.37 P. M.

Fatal Accident. A correspondent writing us from Plymouth, Penobscot County, informs us that a young man named Frank Holbrook, late a member of the 22d Maine regiment, while out duck shooting with two of his brothers, was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of his gun, the contents lodging in his brain. He was 23 years of age and a young man of excellent character.

☞ The Heavy Artillery regiments which have garisoned the forts around Washington for the past two years, have been ordered to the front by Gen. Grant and will take an active part in the approaching campaign in Virginia. This force will make a substantial addition to the Army of the Potomac of 25,000 men—second in efficiency and discipline to no other body of troops in the service.

☞ The Portland *Courier* urges upon capitalists of that city the necessity of additional tenements suitable for working men and their families. It says that a vacant tenement is not to be obtained, and that the business growth of Portland is thereby greatly retarded. A similar want is felt in this city.

☞ It is stated that the 5th district of this State is largely deficient in supplying its quotas under the recent calls for troops. Belfast is deficient 20 men, Camden 56, Rockland 61, Deer Isle 97, Orland 24, Cutler 25, East Machias 20, Lubec 44, Machias 20, Machiasport 24, and nearly every town is more or less behind-hand.

The Battles of Sabine Road and Pleasant Hill.

FULL PARTICULARS OF THE FIGHTING.

A GLORIOUS UNION VICTORY.

New York, 23d. The following is from the New Orleans Era:

We are enabled to lay before our readers this morning, a full and connected history of recent battles and Union victories in Western Louisiana; and one which may be relied on as truthful.

The fighting was terrific, and casualties very large; but there can be little doubt that the blow has terribly impaired, if not destroyed, the rebel power in this State.

It is possible, and even probable, that another engagement will be fought; as we learn on good authority that Gen. Banks expressed his intention of giving battle once more as soon as opportunity offers.

First Day's Fight.

Our army broke camp on the morning of the 6th, marched out on Shreveport road, cavalry advancing 21 miles and resting for night at Camp Hill, the infantry halting 3 or 4 miles to rear on the banks of a bayou. The following morning at daybreak the cavalry again started and came upon a body of mounted rebels before they had marched two miles. Fighting began at once, and the enemy were rapidly driven before our troops. This running was kept up for four miles, until they had got two miles beyond Pleasant Hill. Here a force of 2500 rebel cavalry, commanded by Gen. Green, were found strongly posted on Wilson's Plantation. The rebels were deployed along a dense strip of wood with an open field in front over which we had to charge to reach them. The only Union troops that had advanced far enough to take part in the fight which was inevitable, was the cavalry brigade of Lee's corps, commanded by Col. H. Robinson. As he had either to attack or be attacked, he decided to take the initiative, and he led his men in with such a dash and vigor, that at last the enemy was completely whipped and driven from the field. The engagement lasted two hours and a half, and our losses amounted to about 40 killed and wounded, the enemy's being at least as many. Col. Robinson pursued the retreating rebels as far as Bayou Dupaul, where he found that they had received heavy reinforcements, including four pieces of artillery, and were again in line of battle waiting to be attacked. It was nearly dark, and the risk was too great in again attacking with his small force; he placed his men in the most advantageous position available and awaited the progress of events.

Nothing further was accomplished on the first day.

Second Day's Fight.

During the night a brigade of infantry under Col Landamus came up, and early in the morning of the following day (Friday 8th,) march was resumed. The rebels were found to be on the alert and ready for the fray; fighting opened almost at once. The disposition of our forces at the beginning of this day's battle was—Colonel Landamus' infantry brigade on right of Shreveport road, and Col. Lee's cavalry brigade on the left. The skirmish was fierce; every foot of ground won from the rebels had to be taken by hard knocks; but at 2 P. M. our force had compelled the rebels to retreat seven miles. Our loss as well as the enemy's was very severe during this time. Lieut. Col. Webb of the 77th Illinois, was instantly killed, and Capt. Breeze of the 6th Missouri was severely wounded in the arm. The enemy was now met in strong force under Kirby Smith, Generals Dick Taylor, Moulton, Green and Price, were also there; they had a force of from 18,000 to 22,000, so prisoners afterward stated, while our force comparatively was a mere handful. The rebels occupied a strong post in the vicinity of Sabine cross roads concealed in a dense wood with an open field in front, Shreveport road passing through their lines.

Gen. Ransom arriving on the field with his command, formed his line as well as circumstances would permit, after reconnoitering and feeling the rebel position. Col. Emerson's brigade of 13th corps was stationed on left of line, with Nim's Mass. battery; Col. Landamus' forces, part of two brigades on right and centre, with Raul's battery, G, 5th regulars and battery of 1st Indiana artillery in the rear of his right and centre. Col. Dudley's brigade of Lee's corps supported the left and held itself in readiness to repel any attempt to flank; Col. Robinson with his brigade was in rear of the centre protecting the wagon trains, which was on Shreveport road. Gen. Banks rode upon the field.

By the time this disposition of our forces was effected and word was sent back to Gen. Franklin to make all speed for the scene of the momentarily expected battle. It was designed by Gen. Banks to remain quiet until the balance of his army came up, then open battle himself. But Kirby Smith knowing his own superiority in numbers, began the conflict before they could arrive. About 5 P. M. firing between the skirmishers became hot; in a short time our skirmishing line was driven back on the main body by an overwhelming force. The whole strength of the enemy was then advanced, and heavy and repeated volleys discharged and replied to on our right and centre. Soon this portion of our lines became heavily engaged, and all our available strength was required to prevent it being crushed by the masses of rebels.

Our left, which was now also hotly fighting, was necessarily much weakened. It was observed that strong bodies of the enemy were massing in a dense piece of woods, preparatory to dashing down on this end of our line. The danger was plain and imminent, but there was no remedy. Gen. Stone order Gen. Lee to have Nim's battery withdrawn—although it was doing good execution—in order that it might not become a prize to the enemy. On reaching the point where it was stationed, it was found impossible to remove it, nearly every one of the horses having been killed. In a few moments more a solid mass of rebels swept down upon the spot and four of our guns were taken, the other two being dragged from the field by hand. The havoc made in the rebel ranks at this time is reported as appalling, the whole six guns belching forth double charges of grape and canister; some five or six rounds were fired between the time the rebels left the woods until the artillerymen were forced from their pieces. As the rebels were in a mass the execution can easily be imagined; two senior officers of the battery were wounded, Lieut. Snow mortally, having since died. The forces that made this charge were commanded by the rebel Gen. Moulton, who fell shot through the body with four balls. Fighting on all parts of the field was now at short range, and to use the expression of one of the participants, "We were holding on by the skin of our teeth only." It was known that Gen. Franklin's troops had been sent for, and anxiously and wistful were the glances sent to rear. Gen. Cameron with his brigade came up, and going into action at once on the right, where the battle again waxed hottest, created the impression that the veterans of the 18th army corps had arrived, and glad and glorious shouts went up from our wearied and desperately situated little band. This belief was strengthened by the arrival of Gen. Franklin, who dashed boldly into the thickest of the fight, cap in hand, cheering on his men. Gen. Banks, too, seemed ubiquitous riding wherever the men wavered, and by personal example incited them to renewed deeds of daring and reckless valor. Colonels Clark and Wilson, with other members of his staff, sabres in hand, mixed with soldiers on foot and on horseback, and cheered and encouraged them to continue the unequal fight. But human beings could no longer withstand this fierce and overpowering onslaught; our men bore bravely up against four times their number, but finally gave way at all points, and the men fell back, firmly contesting the ground they yielded. Unfortunately a sad mishap befell them at this time. A large and cumbersome wagon train blocked up the way, and frightened horses dashed through the infantry lines and created a momentary but unfortunate confusion. This gave the rebels possession of several pieces of artillery.

Gen. Franklin was conspicuous during this part of the day in rallying the men. Two horses were killed under him. Capt. Chapman of his staff, had both his feet taken off by a round shot.

The enemy followed our men step by step for three and a half miles, but he was advancing to meet a fearful retribution. The 19th army corps had been ordered to stop advancing, and form into line of battle; the retreating Union troops passed through their lines and formed in the rear. The rebels, thinking they had repulsed our whole army, dashed immediately on, and thought the line but half visible in the woods before them, was another feeble but desperate stand of a few men.

Gen. Emery commanded this force, consisting of two full brigades. He ordered the fire to be reserved until the rebels were within short range, when from both infantry and artillery posted thickly along his line, a storm of iron and lead was hurled on the foe that literally mowed him down. The rebels halted in amazement, but still they fought, and bravely. Volley after volley was discharged from each side full into the ranks of their opponents, but neither gave signs of yielding, and night charitably threw her mantle over the ghastly scene, and enforced a cessation of hostilities.

Two divisions under Gen. A. C. Smith, belonging to the 16th and 17th army corps, had reached Pleasant Hill, and there halted. Gen. Banks determined to withdraw his army to that point for the sake of an advantageous post, which he could there occupy, knowing that the enemy would follow what they supposed to be a demoralized army. In accordance with this plan all our men were quietly withdrawn from the enemy's front, and a junction formed at Pleasant Hill, where the result was confidently awaited. So well was the movement conducted that the rebels had not the slightest suspicion of what was going on.

Third Day's Fight.

At 7 o'clock Saturday morning the rebels advanced cavalry in front, endeavoring to discover our position.

Col. Gooding with his cavalry corps was sent out on the Shreveport road to meet the rebels and draw them on. He had gone about a mile when he came upon the rebel advance. Skirmishing immediately ensued, and according to plan he slowly fell back.

The fight was very sharp between those two cavalry bodies, and Col. Gooding lost nearly forty men killed and wounded, but inflicted as much damage as he received.

Col. Gooding had a narrow escape, a ball passing through and tearing the crown out of his hat. The brigade behaved gallantly, covering Gen. Emery's front until his line was formed.

The battle field of Pleasant Hill is a large, open field slightly elevated in the centre, from which its name is taken. A semi-circular belt runs sround the field on the Shreveport side.

Gen. Emery formed his line of battle on the side facing the woods, Gen. Millan's brigade being posted on the right, Gen. Dwight in the centre and Col. Benedict on the left. Taylor's battery had four guns in the rear of the left wing, on the left of the Shreveport road, and two on the road in the rear of Gen. Dwight's line. Hibbard's Vermont battery was on the right. In the rear of Gen. Emery, and concealed by rising ground, were Gen. Smith's tried troops formed in two lines of battle, fifty yards apart. All his artillery was in the front line, a section of battery being on the flank of each body of infantry lying between them. The 13th corps was in the rear, being a reserve, under Gen. Cameron. Gen. Ransom having been wounded the day before. Gen. Smith was commander-in-chief of two lines, Gen. Mower being immediate commander of the troops.

Crawford's 3d Indiana battery was posted on the right of the 89th Indiana infantry, and the 9th Indiana battery on the right of the line of battle.

Skirmishing was kept up with considerable vigor until about 5 P. M., when the rebels had completed their arrangements.

About this time, however, Gen. Emery's line of skirmishers were driven in on the right by the rebels who appeared in large numbers coming through the woods. They soon reached open ground and moved in three lines of battle to attack. Our battery and infantry opened with terrible effect, doing great slaughter with grape and cannister, while the rebel artillery being in the woods and in bad positions did scarcely any damage.

Col. Benedict's brigade on the left was the first engaged, soon followed by Gen. Dwight's and McMillan's. The fight was terrific. Old soldiers say it was never surpassed for desperation.

Notwithstanding the terrible havoc in their ranks the rebels pressed fiercely on, slowly pushing the men of the 19th corps up the hill, but not breaking their line of battle.

A sudden and bold dash gave them possession of Taylor's battery and forced our lines still further back. Now came the grand "coup de main." The 19th corps on arriving at the top of the hill suddenly fled over the hill and passed through the lines of Gen. Smith. The rebels were now but in two lines of battle, the first having been almost annihilated by Gen. Emery, what remained being forced back in the second line. But the two lines came on exultant and sure of victory. The first passed over the knoll and all heedless of the long lines of cannon and crouching forms of as brave men as ever trod mother earth, pressed on. The 2d line appeared on the crest and the death signal was sounded. Words cannot describe the awful effects of this discharge. Seven thousand rifles and several batteries of artillery, each gun loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, were fired simultaneously, and the whole centre of the rebel line was crushed down as a field of ripe wheat through which a tornado had passed. It is estimated that 1000 men were hurried into eternity or frightfully mangled by this one discharge. No time was given them to recover their good order, but Gen. Smith ordered a charge and his men dashed rapidly forward, the boys of the 19th corps joining in.

The rebels fought bravely and desperately back to timber, on reaching which a large portion broke and fled, fully 2000 throwing aside their arms.

In the charge Taylor's battery was retaken—also two guns of Nim's battery, the Parrot guns taken from us last fall at Carrion Crow and one or two others belonging to the rebels, besides 700 prisoners.

A pursuit and desultory fight was kept up for three miles, when our men returned to the field of battle. Thus ended this fearful and bloody struggle for the control of Western Louisiana.

The following is a list of casualties to Maine soldiers in the recent battles:

Twenty-Ninth Maine. Oliver S Holmes, Co G, head; Geo W Eaton, F, hands; J Allen, B, head; Enos H Stevens, F, arm; A Hill, E, shoulder; Corp Albert Littlefield, G, arm and thigh; Wm A Nicholas, C, leg; Corp Chas S Sherman, E, hip; Corp Jas H Walker, K, run over by cavalry; L M Garcelon, E, foot; Corp — Weaver, G; Stephen Bussell, G; C Philbrook, I; Calvin Bussell, B; Joshua Way, I; L E Joslin, E.

Thirtieth Maine. Major Royal E Whitman, hand; Color Sergt Edmund R Shaw, E, knee; E F Goodwin, H, knee; H E Fanning, E, back; Wm H Fuller, E; Sergt B F Beals, A, arm; W H Fuller, A, hand; J H Derby, K; David McLease, F, bruised; F Marshall, A; Chas S Fowler, F, hand; Corp Jas Miller, G, hand; Isaac H Libbey, K, hand; Sam'l W Howard, G, leg; Turner Wade, A; Barney Grimes, B, arm; Thos Kelley, I, arm; W L Tuttle, H, ankle; Corp Henry McNeal, D, hand; Joseph Holdwright, I arm; Francis McDouherty, B, thigh; John Dudernoff, B, leg; Sergt John B Long, B, foot; Sergt John Smith, F, bowels; Sergt Benj Hutchinson, B, killed; Sergt W V B Schoolmaker, D, killed; Darius Holt, A.

Thirteenth Maine. Lt W P Freeman, Co. F, both thighs; Isaac W McDonald, D, arm amputated; Andrew Macomber, K, thigh; Geo M Bell, G, hand; Orlando Mansfield, G, shoulder; D M Miner, A, ankle; S Burbank, G, ankle; Capt J S R Ham, C, hip; Sergt G H Gordon, I.

Fifteenth Maine. Cornelius Fish, Co. F, arm; Lieut Patrick Novil, F, leg; W E Skillin, H, breast; Alex Graves, C, thigh; Chas Wood, I, arm; H B Wright, A.

☞ The Augusta correspondent of the Bangor *Whig*, states that the War department has telegraphed Gov. Cony that regiments of Heavy Artillery if raised within twenty days for the defences of Washington will be accepted into the United States service, and count to the quota of the States raising them, to prevent a draft. If not raised within that time the men and companies will be distributed among other artillery organizations. The Governor has not as yet, indicated his dicision in the matter. Recruiting is now going on quite briskly in this State, but it is thought the better policy may be to fill up the regiments already organizing and assign the surplus enlistments to the old regiments now in the field.

☞ The New York butter speculators have come to grief. The *Times* says the heavy receipts of butter, restricted consumption, mild weather, and tight money market, proved too much for them. Prime State butter was sold as low as 33 cents in the open market, as against 48 a 50 cents per lb., a few weeks ago; and other grades declined proportionably. Even these comparatively low rates did not tempt buyers to make very liberal purchases, as a further material reduction was deemed inevitable.

☞ The Gardiner *Journal* states that Mr. Chas. M. Call, of Pittston, was killed in that town on Tuesday last, by the rope of a hay press striking him and breaking his neck. He lived only about fifteen minutes. He leaves a wife and two children.

☞ On and after Thursday, April 28th, two mails per day will be made up at the office in this city, for Portland and Boston. Mr. Curtis Stevens, of this city, has been appointed Route Agent for the morning and evening train.

☞ Large number of soldiers have been transferred from the army into the naval service. Fifteen members of the 5th Maine, have been examined and accepted, and will leave for their designated rendezvous immediately.

☞ Edward W. Green, the murderer of Frank E. Converse in Malden, was arraigned before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, at Lowell, the 19th inst., and pleaded guilty to the charge of murder in the first degree.

The Capture of Fort Pillow. A correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat*, who was a witness of the attack and capture of Fort Pillow, furnishes some additional particulars and incidents of the assault, the gallant resistance of the garrison, the bravery of the negro soldiers, and their indiscriminate slaughter by the rebels after surrendering. He speaks as follows of the attack and capture of the fort.

The rebels, under Forrest, appeared and drove in the pickets about sunrise on Tuesday morning. The garrison of the fort consisted of about two hundred of the 13th Tennessee volunteers and four hundred negro artillery, all under command of Maj. Booth; the gunboat No. 7 was also in the river. The rebels first attacked the two outer forts, and in several attempts to charge were repulsed. They were constantly reinforced and extended their lines to the river on both sides of the fort. The garrison in the two outer forts were at length overpowered by superior numbers, and about noon evacuated them and retired to the fort on the river. Here the fight was maintained with great obstinacy, and continued till about 4 P. M. The approach to the fort from the rear is over a gentle declivity, cleared and fully exposed to a raking fire from two sides of the fort. About thirty yards from the fort is a deep ravine, running all along the front, and so steep at the bottom as to be hidden from the fort, and not commanded by its guns. The rebels charged with great boldness down the declivity, and faced without blanching a murderous fire from the guns and small arms of the fort, and crowded into the ravine where they were sheltered from fire by the steep bank which had been thus left by some unaccountable neglect or ignorance. Here the rebels organized for a final charge upon the fort, after sending a flag of truce with a demand for surrender, which was refused. The approach from the ravine was up through a deep, narrow gulley, and the steep embankments of the fort. The last charge was made about 4 P. M., by the whole rebel force, and was successful after a most desperate and gallant defense. The rebel army was estimated at from 2000 to 4000, and succeeded by mere force of numbers. The gunboat had not been idle, but guided by signals from the fort, poured upon the rebels a constant stream of shot and shell. She fired 260 shells, and as testified to by those who could see, with marvelous precision and with fatal effect. Maj. Booth, who was killed near the close of the fight, conducted the defense with great coolness, skill and gallantry. His last signal to the boat was, "We are hard pressed and shall be overpowered." He refused to surrender, however, and fought to the last. By the uniform and voluntary testimony of the rebel officers as well as the survivors of the fight, the negro artillery regiments fought with the bravery and coolness of veterans and served the guns with skill and precision. They did not falter nor flinch until at the last charge, when it was evident they would be overpowered, they broke and fled toward the river, and here commenced the most barbarous and cruel outrages that ever the fiendishness of rebels have perpetrated during the war.

After the rebels were in undisputed possession of the fort and the survivors had surrendered, they commenced the indiscriminate butchery of all the Federal soldiery. The colored soldiers threw down their guns and raised their arms in token of surrender, but not the least attention was paid to it. They continued to shoot down all they found. A number of them, finding no quarter was given, ran over the bluff to the river, and tried to conceal themselves under the bank and in the bushes; they were pursued by the rebel savages, and implored them to spare their lives. Their appeals were made in vain, and they were all shot down in cold blood and in full sight of the gunboat—chased and shot down as if they were dogs. To a great extent the whites and negroes were indiscriminately murdered. The rebel Tennesseans have about the same bitterness against Tennesseans in the Federal army, as against the negroes. I was told by a rebel officer that General Forrest shot one of his men and cut another with his sabre who were shooting down prisoners. It may be so, but he is responsible for the conduct of his men, and General Chalmers stated publicly, while on the Platte Valley, that though he did not encourage or countenance his men in shooting down negro captives, yet that it was right and justifiable.

Dr. Fitch, Surgeon of the fort, who was taken prisoner, and afterward paroled, says he saw twenty white soldiers paraded in line on the bank of the river, and when in line the rebels fired upon and killed all but one, who ran to the river and hid under a log, and in that condition was fired at a number of times and wounded. He says Maj. Bradford also ran down to the river, and after he told them he had surrendered more than fifty shots were fired at him. He then jumped into the river, and swam out a little ways, and whole volleys were fired at him there without hitting him. He returned to the shore, and meeting, as the Doctor supposes, some officer, was protected, but he heard frequent threats from the rebels that they would kill him, and he believes they have killed him.

It was stated by some of the rebel officers that they had only about twenty-five colored prisoners, and they were

Latest Telegraphic News.

SURRENDER OF PLYMOUTH, N. C.

GALLANT DEFENCE BY OUR FORCES.

The Enemy Repulsed in Seven Desperate Assaults.

BRUTALITY OF THE ENEMY.

LATEST FROM RED RIVER.

The Rebel Loss in the Recent Battles.

GEN. BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION MOVING.

A REBEL PROJECT BROKEN UP.

FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

LEE AWAITING GEN. GRANT'S MOVEMENTS.

100,000 Militia to be Called out for Three Months.

GOLD QUOTED AT 183.

NEWBERN, N. C., 23d. The battle has been going on night and day at Plymouth, from Sunday, the 16th, to to the 20th inst., resulted in the capture of the city by the enemy on Wednesday morning, including General Wessel and his force of 1500 men.

The enemy obtained possession of the place at 8 o'clock in the morning. Gen. Wessel and his troops retired into Fort Williams, and held out until Wednesday noon, repulsing the enemy in seven desperate assaults, whose loss is said to be 1700, while ours was slight.

Gen. Wessel, who gained such distinction in the seven days fight before Richmond, has made in this siege a most heroic resistance with his little band of veterans. Several weeks since he called for 5000 men, stating in the most solemn manner that it would be impossible to hold the city with a less force. Gen. Peck, who has given Gen. Wessel all the assistance in his power, has time and again called for reinforcements.

It is reported that the enemy have left Plymouth, and are now moving on Washington and also on this city.

The rebel ram at Kinston on the Neuse has, it is ascertained, moved toward Newbern, and is expected to make the attack in a day or two.

More gunboats and reinforcements are immediately required here and at Washington

Two companies belonging to the 2d N. C. Union volunteers were among the captured at Plymouth, the most of whom were taken out and shot by the enemy, after our forces had surrendered. All the negroes found in uniform were also shot.

ST. LOUIS, 24th. The *Republican's* Red river correspondence of the 15th inst., says General Smith's command began crossing the river opposite Grand Ecore that day for an overland trip to Vicksburg, it being understood that Gen. Grant had sent orders for Gen. Smith to return to that place.

The rebel prisoners say they had 25,000 men in Saturday's fight. They lost 3000 men in that fight who were left on the field.

Our loss on that day was 1500. Our wounded were sent to Grand Ecore. Our killed were buried by the cavalry.

The Annapolis *Republican* of Saturday contains the following :

HEADQUARTERS 9TH ARMY CORPS, } Annapolis, Md., 19th. }

This army being on the eve of a movement, no application for leaves of absence or furloughs for any length of time will be granted, excepting only in those cases where there is evidence that the reasons are of the most urgent character. No notice will be taken of any others.

By command of Maj. Gen. Burnside.

LOUIS RICHMOND, Assistant Adjutant General.

The *Republican* says General Burnside has ordered all his troops now on the way to join him to make all speed. The troops are to move to-day.

The Navy Department has received the following from Commander Fox, of the Potomac flotilla, dated April 23d:

Having learned from various sources that the rebel government had established a ferry at Circus Point, just below Rappahannock, on the Rappahannock river, and busily engaged in collecting boats at some point on the river for the purpose of attacking blockade vessels, I proceeded thither with a portion of the flotilla on the 18th inst., with the following result : Two ferries were broken up, several large lighters, three pontoon boats, twenty-two large naval skiffs and canoes, two hundred white oak boards, and keels large enough for the construction of a large sloop of war, twenty-two large boats, a large amount of bacon and wheat, and a large lot of small articles, all of which were brought off.

WASHINGTON, 25th. The *Star* of this afternoon says:

Information from the rebel lines as late as Friday morning last, is to the effect that Lee was not, as has been reported, moving towards the Shenandoah Valley, but was at that time in his old position on the Rapidan. Such movements of his cavalry as were going on seemed to be in the nature of a reconnoisance to ascertain Gen. Grant's purposes; and the fact of General Grant having sent out unusually large picket forces, seems to have mystified the enemy on various occasions.

Lee's army was preparing for a sudden movement, but was seemingly disposed to wait for Gen. Grant to open and develop his game.

Two weeks ago Lee's forces amounted to 40,000 men, and it is believed now that with the reinforcements he has been able to bring up, they do not amount to over 85,000.

On Saturday Governors Lewis of Wisconsin, Yates of Illinois, Stone of Iowa, Morton of Indiana, Brough of Ohio, and Blair of Illinois, tendered the President 100,000 troops to serve 100 days, to be clothed, armed and equiped by the United States Government; the men to be raised within the limits of the several North Western States named. The proposition was accepted by the President, and the Secretary of War was subsequently instructed to receive these troops.

Four or five of the above named Governors issued their proclamations in this city, and sent them forward on Saturday.

It is believed by the gentlemen who have tendered this new auxiliary force, that they will be able to raise it in 25 days.

This new army will garrison all the posts and forts on the frontier and in the rear of active operations, thus enabling the veterans now doing post and garrison duty to join our armies in the field.

NEW YORK, 25th. Gold closed this afternoon at $1,83, having advanced since Saturday from $1,74.

The Record of the War.

Our Forces Repulsed on the Red River---A Subsequent Battle and Union Victory.

CHICAGO, April 19. The *Journal's* letter from Grand Ecore, of the 10th inst., says :

"Our cavalry had been driving the enemy for two days, but on the forenoon of the 8th sent back word for infantry supports. Gen. Ransom, in command of the 3d and 4th divisions of the 13th corps, was ordered to send forward a brigade, and he did so. At noon he followed with the 4th division.

After advancing about 5 miles from where the 3d division of his command and the 19th corps were encamped, the rebels made a stand, and our line, consisting of only 2400 infantry formed in a belt of woods with an open field in front, and the enemy in the woods on either side.

After a skirmish across the field for about an hour, the enemy advanced on us in overwhelming number estimated at 10,000. Gen. Ransom got all the available troops to the front and opened on them. The enemy lost heavily, but advanced steadily. Soon all of the cavalry gave way and the enemy fell back. The panic of the cavalry so demoralized the army that the retreat became a rout.

While the 4th division was falling back in disorder, the 3d division, numbering only 1800 men came up and was immediately routed. Finally the 19th army corps with 7000 men came up and formed in line. They checked the enemy and held them at bay until we got off all our trains except that of the cavalry.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 20. The *Evening Journal* publishes extracts from private letters from the members of the Chicago Mercantile Battery dated April 12, to the effect that on the day after the recent disaster the 15th army corps, Gen. A. J. Smith with the 19th army corps engaged the rebels and defeated them, capturing 2000 prisoners and 20 cannon.

WASHINGTON, April 20. The following despatch was received at the Navy Department at noon today :

To Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

I have received private letters from Red river—one dated Grand Ecore, La., 10th inst., and one dated Alexandria, La., 10th inst., stating that the army under Gen. Banks met with reverses on the 8th inst., near Mansfield.

Our army then fell back, and on the next day the rebels attacked them and were handsomely whipped. Loss heavy on both sides. Admiral Porter, when last heard from, was about 40 miles above Grand Ecore. The river was low.

(Signed) A. M. PENNOCK, Fleet Capt.

From Kentucky---The Rebel Marauders Handsomely Whipped.

CINCINNATI, April 20. A dispatch to the *Commercial* from Cottlesburg, Ky., dated 19th, says Captain Patrick has arrived here with over 100 prisoners captured at Pointville and Half Mountain on the Licking river.

Hodge's rebel brigade attacked Col. Gillespie's force at Pointsville on Tuesday, but was repulsed. Gillespie pursued the retreating rebels with 800 men, and surprised them on the 14th inst., in camp at Wolf Mountain, capturing 70 prisoners, 200 horses, 400 saddles, 300 stand of small arms and all their camp equipage. Eighty-five rebels were killed and wounded.

The rebels were commanded by Cols. Clay, Prentice, May and Johnson. Col. Clay, son of Henry Clay, is among the prisoners.

From North Carolina---Rebel Attack on Plymouth Repulsed with great Slaughter.

PHILADELPHIA, April 21. The *Inquirer* has a letter which says the rebels made an attack on Plymouth and an assault on Fort Gray, but were repulsed with fearful slaughter.

"NORFOLK, VA. April 19. Refugees from Plymouth, N. C., report that the fighting commenced there on Sunday afternoon. The rebels in force attacked Fort Gray, which is about a mile from the town on the Roanoke river. They planted a heavy battery on Polk's Island, about half a mile distant, during which they succeeded in cutting away the flagstaff at the fort. This was replaced, and the stars and stripes again floated defiantly in the face of the foe. The rebels then advanced slowly forward up to within a short distance of the fort, when they made an impetuous charge. They were received with a galling fire which thinned their ranks and caused them to fall back."

Again and again they rallied to the charge, and endeavored to take the citadel. Each time they were repulsed with fearful slaughter. They retired with their artillery, still keeping up a fire. Their iron ram and four rebel gunboats had moved down the river to the obstructions within six miles of the town to co-operate with their land forces. The rebel force is from 10,000 to 15,000 strong. The rebel cavalry are under Gen. Ransom.

A Rebel Ram Attacks and Sinks a Union Gunboat at Plymouth, N. C.

WASHINGTON, April 22. The following information was received here to-day.

A rebel ram came down the river about 3 o'clock on Monday morning. She floated down with the current, and was not discovered until close under the bows of the Miami. Lieut. Commander Flusser rushed forward, sighted and fired the bow gun loaded with shell, which struck the ram, rebounded and immediately killed him, a piece of shell penetrating his breast. The ram then attacked the Southfield and she sunk in five minutes. The Miami was somewhat injured.—The ram passed the guns at Plymouth without being discovered. She is 150 feet long, draws about eight feet of water and carries only two small guns.

From the Army of the Potomac---An Early Movement Expected---Proposed Call for 200,000 Men

NEW YORK, April 22. The *Times'* Washington dispatch says it is understood that the recent development of the intentions of the rebels render an early movement of the Army of the Potomac highly probable.

The Governors of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin are here, and are urging the President to call for 200,000 six month's men for special service. Four of the above States propose to furnish one-half of that number. The President has expressed himself favorable to the proposition.

Latest from the Red River Expedition---Attack on our Transports Repulsed with Great Slaughter.

GRAND ECORE, April 11th. General Banks has fallen back to Grand Ecore, 35 miles from Pleasant Hill, 55 miles from Mansfield, and 95 miles from Shreveport; will advance again as soon as he is reinforced and adequate supplies are received. The loss of artillery is a trivial matter, as nearly the whole fighting, owing to the nature of the heavily wooded country, must be done by infantry.

Admiral Porter's fleet will co-operate as far as possible; the extent of its co-operation depends on the depth of water in Red river. Other battles must soon follow, and glorious victories will be won over the trans-Missippi rebels.

The rebel loss in the battle of Sabine Cross Roads and Pleasant Hill was three to our one.

Our troops are in excellent spirits and anxious for another advance. They can whip the enemy in any stand up fight, unless a much superior force is encountered, of which there is no fear whatever entertained.

The latest advices from Gen. Steele were that he was either within 60 miles or one days march of Shreveport, with 15,000 men.

GRAND ECORE, April 15th. About 25 miles above here on the left bank of Red river, the rebels opened on the transports Clara Bell and Rob Roy, and fired 12 shots into them. A force of 1000 mounted infantry, said to be a part of the rebel Gen. Greene's command, came down in front of the artillery and poured volleys of musketry into the steamers, which were getting the worst of it, when a small gunboat opportunely came along, and compelled the rebels to fall back.

Gen. A. J. Smith's (16th) corps subsequently arrived near the scene of action, having crossed over from Grand Ecore, marched up the right bank of the river, and again crossed over to push and punish the enemy. They captured 2 guns and 17 wounded prisoners, who assert positively that the rebel Gen. Greene was killed by a shell from the Rob Roy. This is another signal victory. The rebels left 164 of their dead on the field, slaughtered by the terrific fire of our gunboats and transports, in their precipitate flight.

By the death of Gen. Greene, the rebels have lost one of their most valuable and efficient officers.

CHICAGO, 23. The New Orleans correspondent of the *Journal* says :

The loss of the 4th division of the 13th army corps in the battle of the 6th inst., was 1125 killed, wounded and missing; loss in the 3d division was 350.

We lost 10 pieces of artillery in the fight of the 8th. Our forces drove the rebels 10 miles. Our loss on that day is reported at 1000 killed, wounded and missing.

From North Carolina---Desperate Resistance of our forces at Plymouth, and the Rumored Surrender of the town.

NEWBURN, N. C., 20th. The dispatch steamer Berry has arrived and reports that the rebel ram Non, commands the approach to Plymouth, which prevents us from reinforcing our troops, who have been fighting day and night since Sunday.

Gen. Wessel, who has 60 days provisions, expresses his determination to hold his position until he is relieved. He and his troops were in good spirits.

The enemy have made many assaults on our works of the most desperate character, and have been repulsed with severe loss each time. Our loss up to the departure of the steamer Berry was very slight.

Gen. Wessel, who is an old army officer and noted for his cool courage, is very popular with his command.

Every house in Plymouth is riddled by the enemy's shells, the inhabitants having been sent to Roanoke Island.

Gen. Peck ordered reinforcements to Plymouth as soon as he received news of the attack. They doubtless failed to reach that place, owing to the presence of the ram at the mouth of the Roanoke.

NEW YORK, 24th. The *Times'* Newbern letter of the 20th states that the force before Plymouth is from 10,000 to 12,000. They were repulsed in four distinct charges with great slaughter.

Firing ceased on Thursday morning, and it is reported that Gen. Wessel, with his brave garrison, has surrendered. Nothing definite, however, was known—none of our vessels having been able to reach there since Sunday. Our force numbered about 2000.

Foreign News.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Australasian from Liverpool 9th and Queenstown 10th of april, arrived at New York on the 20th.

England.

The captain of the U. S. steamer Kearsage, in a letter to the Marquis of Clanricarde, defends himself from the remarks of the Marquis in Parliament. He denies that he enlisted men, and says, on the contrary, the Kearsarge has more than her complement.

Mr. Layard. in reply to inquiries, said the English Consuls confirmed the accounts of kidnapping Irishmen in New York and Boston, and Lord Lyons had made representations to the American Government. An answer was shortly expected. Garibaldi enters London on the 11th. It is believed the demonstration will be unparalleled. The freedom of the city of London has been voted to him. Lord Palmerston will give him a banquet.

The *Morning Post* says the Confederate loan is about to be placed on a new basis. A combined French and English undertaking, in which the Confederate Government has an active interest, is in active formation, having for its object to organize a regular system of blockade running from various Confederate ports for the export of cotton. The capital is £500,000 sterling. Shares are to be allotted only to the holders of Confederate bonds. The company's steamers are to take out cargoes to supply the wants of the Confederate Government. It is estimated that the whole of the bonds of the Confederate loan may be exchanged for cotton and produce exported from Southern ports within twelve months.

The Danish War.

The bombardment of Duppel was vigorously sustained during the 7th.

The bombardment of Sunderburg recommenced on the 14th with extraordinary violence. The Prussians had completed their second parallel.

The Conference meets in London on the 12th

The Dutch steamer Kenbrandt, from Shelton to Amsterdam, has been captured by a Danish man-of-war, and taken to Copenhagen.

Maximilian and Mexico.

All difficulties as to the Mexican crown have been adjusted. Maximilian receives the deputation on the 10th to formally accept the crown, and will sail on the 11th or 12th instant for Mexico.

The Emperor of Austria has allowed the formation of a corps of 6000 volunteers and 300 sailors for the empire of Mexico.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 1864.

[Corrected weekly by J. McArthur, J. Hedge & Co., C. H. Mulliken, and F. Davis.]

Flour,	$8 00 to 11 50		Clear Salt Pork,	14 00 to 16 00	
Corn Meal,	1 50 to 1 60		Mutton,	10 to	12
Rye Meal,	1 50 to 1 75		Turkeys,	16 to	20
Wheat,	1 82 to 2 00		Chickens,	16 to	18
Rye,	1 40 to 1 50		Geese,	7 to	10
Corn,	1 50 to 1 60		Clover seed,	14 to	18
Barley,	1 00 to 1 10		Herdsgrass,	3 12 to	3 37
Beans,	2 25 to 2 75		Red Top,	1 00 to	1 20
Oats,	80 to 90		Hay,	20 00 to	22 00
Potatoes,	70 to 80		Lime,	1 25 to	1 50
Dried Apples,	8 to 9		Fleece Wool,	50 to	70
Cooking "	40 to 62		Pulled Wool,	55 to	72
Winter "	1 00 to 1 25		Sheep Skins,	1 75 to	2 00
Butter	33 to 38		Hides,	9 to	9½
Cheese,	18 to 20		Calf Skins,	18 to	20
Eggs,	18 to 20		Lamb Skins,	1 00 to	1 75
Lard,	15 to 17		Wood, hard,	$8 50 to	10.00
Round Hog,	$9 00 to 12 00		Wood, soft,	$5 00 to	$,700

From the New England Farmer.

THE CATTLE MARKETS

AT BRIGHTON, CAMBRIDGE AND MEDFORD.

WEDNESDAY, April 20. 1864.

The following is the amount of stock reported at market :

	Cattle.	*Sheep.*	*Shotes.*	*Fat Hogs.*	*Veals.*
This week,	1616	5750	700	1500	1080
Last week,	1311	6282	600	600	550
One year ago, Apr. 23,	913	1947	550	500	800

PRICES.

BEEVES—First qual. $11,25@12.00 } Per 100 lbs. on the total
Second do. 10,00@11.00 } weight of hide, tallow and
Third do. 9,00@10.00 } dressed beef.
Extra, $12,50 @ $13.00.

Working Oxen—$100@250, or according to value as beef.

Milch Cows—$38. @50 Extra, $55@75. Ordinary, $25@30.

Sheep—8½@9c ℔ lb. on live weight; extra fat, 9¼@10; sheared, 4½@6c.

Veal Calves—$4 to $8 ℔ head, or 5 to 7c ℔ lb. live wt.

Swine—Wholesale, 8 @ 9c; retail, 8 @ 11c; choice lots to peddle, 8½ @ 9½c. Fat hogs, still fed, 9½ @ 9½c.

Hides—9¼c@10½. Calf Skins, 20@25c. Tallow, 9@9½c.

Pelts—$3 50@4 00.

CATTLE AND SHEEP FROM SEVERAL STATES.

	Cattle. Sheep.			*Cattle. Sheep.*	
Maine,	68	—	Northern N. York.	—	
New Hampshire,	84	1332	Western States,	977	110
Vermont,	357	2705	Canada,	—	—
Massachusetts,	230	1605	Total,	1716	5750

DROVES OF CATTLE FROM MAINE.

M. Hutchinson 20, D. G. Stevens 17, John Fall 14, Luke Brown 9, Phipps & Fitch 8.

In the afternoon at Brighton, including a few that arrived in the latter part of last week, there were 977 Western, 80 Maine and 100 State cattle reported by drovers. And here, too, the drovers complained that the market was against them. One Western drover said he had sold for 12½c 30 sk., as good steers as he sold last week for 13c, 28 sk. The business is not appear to be at all in a hurry about buying to-day; and there are more cattle in the yards this afternoon, and better ones, than have been at old Brighton for some time.

The last market of the second spring month closes in a snow storm, that has lasted all day. There are, however, but few cattle in the yards at Brighton to catch the flakes. Towards night yesterday buyers and sellers came to terms, and most of the cattle changed hands. Sales of no Beasts at all to-day. Three or four Maine drovers came on empty handed, to see the fashions, and to buy some cattle to take back with them, it to be had cheap enough; which we believe they decided was not the case, as they bought none.

STORE CATTLE. Nothing in this line but milch cows and working oxen, and but very few of these. John Fall had a cattle load from Maine, of which he sold one pair, 6 ft. 4 in. for $140; another 6 ft. 6 in. for $164; another 6 ft. 7 in., for $180; and another, 6 ft. 10 in., for $185. G. W. Brownell sold a pair of oxen weighing 2000 lbs., as workers, for $184, and a milch cow for $45.

VEALS. There are nearly or quite 1000 calves at market this week, being nearly 300 more than for the same week last year. Calves are hurried off to market young and poor on account of the marvellous price of butter. Prices range from $6 to $7 per head.

No Sheep from Maine were reported last week.

At market 8750, 912 less than last week. The drovers say the market on sheep is as much against them as on cattle.—from 9 to 9½ ℔ lb. It will be seen, however, that our highest quotations are full as high as last week.

PORTLAND MARKET.

PORTLAND, April 23, 1864.

APPLES. Green ℔ bbl $3 75 @ 3 75, Sliced, ℔ lb 9½ @ 10½, Cored, 9½@10½c, Uncored none.

BUTTER. Country ℔ lb 35@37, Choice Table 37@42, Store 33@35.

BEANS. Marrow ℔ bush $2 50@2 62, Pea $2 62@2 75, Blue Pod $2 37@2 50.

CHEESE. Vermont ℔ lb new 18@19c, Country 16@16½

GRAIN. Rye $1 45@1 50, oats 75c@80c, South yellow corn, 1.42, corn mixed 1 45@1 48, barley 1 10@1 20, shorts, per ton $39@$40; fine feed $39@40.

HAY. Hay ℔ net ton, pressed $22 00 @ 23 00.

HIDES & SKINS. Western, 21@22, Slaughter Hides, 7½@9, Calf Skins, 16½@17. Sheep Pelts, dry, 1 50@2 50.

PRODUCE. Beef ℔ quarter ℔ lb. 12@13c; Eggs, 18@20; Potatoes ℔ bbl., 2 37½@3; Chickens, 22@25; Lamb, 10@14; Turkeys, 22@23; Geese, 17@18; Veal, 9@11.

SEEDS. Herds Grass, $3 12½ @3, Western Clover, 13½@14, Red Top, $3 67½@3 75.

WOOL. Fleece 60@75, Pulled 72@82, Pelts $1 70@1 75.

—*Price Current.*

BOSTON MARKET...April 23.

Flour—The market is steady and firm for Flour, and the sale have been at $7,75 @ $8,00 for Western superfine; $8,00@$8,25 for common extras; $8,50 @ 9,25 for medium do.; and $9,00 @ $12,50 for good and choice brands, including favorite St. Louis.

OATS—Western mixed, $1,44; Yellow, $1,44 ℔ bushel.

OATS—Northern and Canada, 81 @ 83c ℔ bushel.

RYE—$1 45 ℔ bushel.

HAY—Sales of Eastern at $23.

WOOL—Fleece and pulled Wool. 65 @ 75 ℔ lb.

NEW YORK MARKET.....April 25.

Flour—State and Western more active—Superfine State, 7,55 a 7 75; extra State $7,80 a 7,75; choice, 8 00 a 8,25; round hoop Ohio 8,40 a 8 50; choice 8,35 a 8,40; super. Western 7,50 a 7,65; extra, 7,95 a 8,30, Southern firmer—mixed to good 8,30 a 8,45; fancy and extra, 8,30 a 11,25 Canada bitter—common extra, 7,95 a 7,95; extra good to choice 8,10 a 9,60.

Corn—mixed western $1.35; yellow Jersey 1 37.

Special Notices.

SHEEP WASH TOBACCO.

JAQUES' PURE EXTRACT OF TOBACCO.

Will not injure the most delicate animals.

Kills Ticks on Sheep.

Cures Scab on Sheep.

Kills all Vermin on Animals and Birds.

Cures all Skin Diseases on Animals.

Kills Bugs on Roses, Lice on House Plants.

Kills Canker Worm on Apple Trees.

Kills Bed-Bugs and Water Roaches.

Kills all vermin that infest Grape and Cranberry Vines.

One Pound of this Extract will make 16 gallons wash.

For sale by all Druggists, and at Country and Agricultural Stores.

Price, 75 cents per pound. A liberal discount to the trade and large purchasers.

Orders promptly sent by express.

JAMES F. LEVIN,
Agent South Down Co.

23 Central Wharf, Boston.

DORR & CRAIG, Agents for Augusta. eop6ep13t7

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE NURSERY. The following is an extract from a letter written by the Rev. C. Z. Weiser, to the *German Reformed Messenger*, at Chambersburg, Pa.:

A BENEFACTRESS. Just open the door for her, and Mrs. WINSLOW will prove the American Florence Nightingale of the Nursery. Of this we are so sure, that we will teach our "Susy" to say, "A blessing on Mrs. Winslow" for helping her survive and escape the griping, colicking and teething siege. We confirm every word set forth in the Prospectus. It performs precisely what it professes to perform, every part of it—nothing less. Away with your "Cordial," "Paregoric," "Drops," "Laudanum," and every other "Narcotic," by which the babe is drugged into stupidity, and rendered dull and idiotic for life.

We have never seen Mrs. Winslow—know her only through the preparation of her "Soothing Syrup for Children Teething." If we had the power, we would make her, as she is, a physical saviour to the Infant Race. 25 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. 1m18

COLGATE'S HONEY SOAP.

This celebrated **Toilet Soap**, in such universal demand, is made from the **choicest** materials, is **mild** and **emollient** in its nature, **fragrantly scented**, and extremely **beneficial** in its action upon the skin. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. 1y7

HAIR DYE! HAIR DYE !!

BATCHELOR'S celebrated HAIR DYE *is the best in the World.* The only harmless, true and reliable Dye known. This splendid Hair Dye is perfect—changes Red, Rusty or Grey Hair, instantly to a *Glossy Black* or *Natural Brown*, without injuring the hair or staining the skin, leaving the hair soft and beautiful; imparts fresh vitality, frequently restoring its pristine color, and rectifies the ill effects of Bad Dyes. The Genuine is signed WILLIAM A. BATCHELOR, all others are mere imitations, and should be avoided. Sold by all Druggists, &c. FACTORY—81 BARCLAY STREET, N. Y.

Batchelor's New Toilet Cream for Dressing the Hair. 1y30

A CARD TO INVALIDS.

A Clergyman, while residing in South America as a missionary, discovered a safe and simple remedy for the Cure of Nervous Weakness, Early Decay, Diseases of the Urinary and Seminal Organs, and the whole train of disorders brought on by baneful and vicious habits Great numbers have been already cured by this noble remedy. Prompted by a desire to benefit the afflicted and unfortunate, I will send the recipe for preparing and using this medicine, in a sealed envelope, to any one who needs it *Free of Charge.* Address JOSEPH T. INMAN, STATION D, BIBLE HOUSE, New York City.

9w18*

COUGHS AND COLDS.

The sudden changes of our climate are sources of Pulmonary, Bronchial, and Asthmatic Affections. Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily when taken in the early stages of the disease, recourse should at once be had to "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Lozenges, let the Cold, Cough, or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually warded off. Public Speakers and Singers will find them effectual for clearing and strengthening the voice. Soldiers should have them, as they can be carried in the pocket and taken as occasion requires. 1m17

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.

Published for the benefit, and as a warning and CAUTION OF YOUNG MEN who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature decay of Manhood, etc., supplying at the same time, THE MEANS OF SELF CURE. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense and injury through medical humbug and quackery.

By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author. NATHANIEL MAYPAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings County, N. Y

1y23

☞ If you are troubled with a Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Pain in the side, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs, go to your Apothecary, or nearest Grocery Store and get a Box of HOWE'S COUGH PILLS. They are safe, reliable and always do good. Excellent for Whooping Cough. Try them—everybody.

G. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, and H. H. HAY, Portland, General Agents. 3m11*

Married.

In Camden, New Jersey, April 11th, by Rev. V. D. Reed, D. D., Cyrus R. Morgan, to Adie A. Fisher, formerly of Augusta, Me.

In Palermo, March 26th, by Rev. Wm. Clifford, Amos Gardiner to Ellen L. Tucker.

In Livermore, April 10th, by D. H. Kilbrith, Esq., Augustus H. Strickland to Augusta Perley.

In Portland, James Robinson to Maria Carey, of St. John, N. B.

In Malta, Charles Breed Eynaud to Isabella Staples, of Biddeford.

In Liberty, Aaron M. Phillips of Palermo, to Mrs. Betsey Dickerson.

In Appleton, Almon H. Gushee of the 31st Regt., to Caro D. Simmons.

In Bluehill, Paris G. Merrill to Adelaide D. Darling.

In Deer Isle, John H. Morey to Margaret A. Gross

Died.

In Sidney, April 14th, George Field, aged 69 years, 4 months. 22 days. [California papers please copy.]

In Mt. Vernon, March 21st, James Chapman, Esq., aged 83 years, 2 months, and 21 days.

In Windsor, March 11th, Rev. W. Williams, aged 52 years, 11 months.

In Belfast, Archibald Moody, aged 52 years 8 months.

In Searsmont, April 11th, Laforest, son of T. D. Goodwin, aged 5 years 11 months.

In Belgrade, Feb. 20th, Rufus K., youngest son of Mark and Phebe Giles, aged 4 years and 20 days.

In Levant, April 8th, Daniel Simpson, aged 86 years, 7 mos., 17 days.

In Belmont, April 10th, Abner Weed, aged 64 years.

In Vienna, April 17th, J. Chester, son of H. S. and L. J. Abbott, aged 6 years, 5 months, 22 days.

In Rangeley, March 16th, Paulina Weston, child of Stephen and Harriet A. Lowell, aged 2 years; April 3d, Mrs. Elmira A., wife of Samuel B. Tufts, aged 30 years and ten days; April 17th, Frank Quimby, child of Samuel B. Tufts, aged 9 years; all of diptheria.

In Baldwin, April 11th, of diptheria, Frederick W., aged 15 years; same day, Sarah E., aged 9 years 10 months; 15th, Aurelia H., aged 8 years; 18th, John Milton, aged 3 years. All children of John and Sarah Bragdon, formerly of Lowell, Me.

STATE OF MAINE---Kennebec ss.

To S. Caldwell, Jr., of Augusta, County of Kennebec:

WHEREAS, Sylvanus Caldwell, Jr. and twenty other persons, all of said Augusta, associate to form an incorporate Social Library in said Augusta, having applied to me, JOSEPH M. MESERVE, a Justice of the Peace in and for said County, requesting me to issue a warrant, directed to one of said applicants, directing him to call a meeting of said persons, according to law, to act upon the following objects, to wit:

To choose a Moderator to preside over said meeting.

To choose a Clerk of said meeting.

To form themselves into a corporation and designate their corporate name.

To elect all necessary officers, adopt by law and transact any and all business necessary to perfect their organization pursuant to the laws of the State.

You are hereby directed to notify a meeting of said persons, according to law, to be held at the office of SETH E. BERRY, in said Augusta, on the 10th day of May, A. D., 1864, for the purposes aforesaid.

Given under my hand at said Augusta, this 19th day of April, A. D., 1864. JOSEPH M. MESERVE, Justice of the Peace.

A true copy.' Attest: SYLVANUS CALDWELL, JR.

Pursuant to the above notice the petitioners for the incorporation of the above named Library Association are hereby notified to meet at the office of SETH E. BERRY on the tenth day of May, 1864, at 7 o'clock P. M., for the purpose therein designated.

S. CALDWELL, JR.

Augusta, April 25, 1864. 20

THE ELMWOOD HOUSE,

(FORMERLY CUMMINGS HOUSE,)

No. 830 Washington Street, (Near Dover,)

BOSTON.

This elegant Public House,—charmingly situated in the most agreeable part of the city; connected with the business portion by the Metropolitan Cars, which pass every minute; with gardens attached to and fronting the premises, has been leased by

S. M. BOARDMAN & CO.,

who have opened it for Transient and Permanent Guests upon

THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

The House has been renovated throughout, the Chambers are handsomely furnished, the Beds and Bedding are of superior quality, and every desirable convenience has been supplied for the comfort of the patrons of the establishment.

THE DINING SALOON

has been fitted up with regard to the requirements of such a place, and

Meals are served up at all Hours, from 6 A M. to 12 P M.

The BILL OF FARE contains the best dishes that the market affords, and the Tables will be constantly supplied with every rarity and luxury in their season.

Rooms are Let by the Day or Week.

A few Suites for Families may be secured on application.

Board by the Day or Week furnished.

Connected with the House are spacious and beautifully furnished Rooms for the accommodation of Parties, Clubs, and Private Dinners.

The proprietors have added a fine

BILLIARD ROOM,

which is supplied with Tables of the the most superior quality. MESSRS. S. M. BOARDMAN & CO. are determind to omit nothing in their power to make the ELMWOOD HOUSE agreeable to their guests, and to maintain for it the character of a FIRST CLASS ESTABLISHMENT. And they feel assured that their exertions, added to the unusual attractiveness of the House itself, will secure them the approbation and patronage of the public.

Mr. MARTIN J. BROCKWAY, a gentleman of large experience has been engaged as Assistant Manager.

1w20 S. M. BOARDMAN & CO

PIANOS, AND CABINET ORGANS.

FOR SALE BY R. M. MANSUR,

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

The most approved kinds of the above warranted instruments for sale at very reasonable prices. Specimens may be seen by calling at my dwelling house, (the first south of the Mansion House on State street) or at the Fashionable Millinery Rooms of Mrs. Perley, under Meonian Hall, over Messrs. Hamlin & Smith's Dry Goods Store, No. 147 Water street.

Instruments to let. Second-hand Instruments taken in exchange towards new. Please call for or write and obtain an illustrated descriptive circular, and other important information in regard to the above. 20

NEW JEWELRY SHOP.

S. W. FAIRFIELD

Has taken a window in the Hat Store of A. L. GETCHELL, under the Stanley House, where he is prepared to do all kinds of

Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing.

In a faithful manner. Having been employed in the WALTHAM WATCH FACTORY the past winter, he hopes by prompt attention to business to merit a share of patronage.

A small lot of WATCHES and JEWELRY for sale. Any article in the Watch, Clock or Jewelry line obtained at short notice and sold at reasonable prices.

Augusta, April 25, 1864. 3w20

NEW MUSIC.

"When Old Friends were Here," a very beautiful and touching song in B flat:

"When old friends were here,
In days that are flown,
How fond were the hands
Which oft clasped my own.
The pathways of life
Were pleasure's sunny hue,
And voices were near
With tones warm and true"

"She Was All the World to Me." This is a sweet, flowing melody, in E flat.

The above are the last two songs of the late Stephen C. Foster. Price, 25 cts. each. Mailed free.

HORACE WATERS, Publisher.
3w20* 481 Broadway, N. Y.

NEW MUSIC.

"The Sanitary Fair Polka," dedicated to the patrons of the Sanitary Fair. Composed by Mrs. Parkhurst. This is a perfect gem, played nightly by the Band at the Brooklyn Fair. Price 25 cents. HORACE WATERS, Publisher.
3w20* 481 BROADWAY.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE NOTICE.

The Superintending School Committee of China will be in session each Saturday of May next, at one o'clock P. M., for the examination of Teachers for the Summer Schools as follows:

First examination at the School House at South China. Second at the Academy in China Village. Third and fourth at the Jepson School House.

None need apply at any other time, as certificates will not be granted except at the regular examination.

D. C. HANSON, } *Superintending*
S. F. JEPSON, } *School*
A. H. JONES. } *Committee.*

China, April 21, 1864. 3w20

MILL FOR SALE.

I will sell my Sawmill in Whitefield, one half a mile from Turner's Corner; also three acres of land with it. I will sell or lease my Shingle Machine privilege. It has a good stone dam and foundation all ready for building. It is on the outlet of Pleasant Pond—no fear of freshets there. For further particulars enquire of H. A. TURNER, Whitefield, or the subscriber in Bremen. ALBION P. CHANEY. 20

FARM IN WINDSOR FOR SALE.

The large Farm at South Windsor, recently occupied by Joseph F. Wingate, Esq., is for *immediate* sale. It is in one of the best locations in the town, with comfortable buildings. Offers will be received till the 15th day of May next. JOSEPH BAKER, Att'y.

Augusta, April 22, 1864. 3w20

HORSES FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale FOUR GOOD HORSES. They will be sold at a bargain. Apply at the Central House.

LEWIS JOHNSON.

Augusta, April 25, 1864. 2w20*

TREES, SHRUBS AND VINES.

J. W. ADAMS, PORTLAND,

Offers a fine stock of APPLES, PEARS, PLUMS and other FRUIT TREES. The new and early Grape Vines, Currants, Strawberry Plants, &c., including a fine lot of

Russell's Great Prolific Strawberry,

warranted pure.

Also Roses, Hedge Plants, Flowering Plants, and all the hardy Ornamental Trees. Catalogues now ready and will be sent to applicants.

Tomato Plants in their season.

NURSERIES. Near Westbrook Railroad Station. 6w17

NOTICE.

PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE, } Third District of Maine, } Augusta, March 30th, 1864 }

RECRUITS for the Naval Service or Marine Corps will now be received. Men so enlisted are credited on the quotas for draft the same as men for the

Poetry.

THE OPENING SPRING.

BY WM. ROSS WALLACE.

It is, it is a dream no more
Of Heaven's unclouded air,
Of budding woods and whispering reeds,
And woman's wandering there—
Dear woman with her kindled eyes
That light the leafy Paradise,
And voice in unison with the bird,
Where boughs are by the soft winds stirred
To delicate music while the tune
Of streams are prophesying June,
Who on yon mountain peak shall stand
With golden blessings in her hand.

O yes, it is a dream no more—
The glorious real, sparkles now;
New fire is flashing through the frame;
New hope is on the brow:
The breeze has lost her mournful sigh;
And if a cloud should take the sky,
It only gives one look below,
Where all is in an Eden glow,
And then, as if reproved, takes flight,
From such a wide and holy light,
When sky, and air, and earth, and main,
Beam out in perfectness again.

And when the night leans gently from
The slowly fading west,
Wearing a single silver star
Upon her shadowy breast,
How shall we then forget the storm
Of Winter folding round her form—
The long, lone hours—the heartless blast
That sweeps like maledictions past—
The groaning mast, the crackling deck,
The last wild cry, the drifting wreck—
And all the starless nights unfurled
Like shrouds around the dying world!

O Spring, and sunshine! Leaves and flowers!
I know a thousand lyres
Through centuries have sung your joy
Unto my thousand sires—
But say, is it not also mine
To kneel before your holy shrine,
Thus reared each year anew by Him,
And humbly join the cherubim?
Yes! praise can never grow so old
That anthems should no more be rolled
From the soul's choir, while Heaven's own breath
Wakes Nature thus from icy death.

Our Story-Teller.

BRAN AND HIS MASTER.

The autumn gale had shaken the windows and roared along the roof in gushes, and sometimes made the house tremble; now the only noise was the hastening, intermittent thundering roar of the breakers, with interludes of seething, infinite murmur. It seemed as if I had awakened so stealthily as not to disturb the enchantment, and with my eyes fixed on the alternately fading and increasing ladder of shrouded moonlight that stretched to my window from a great distance on the sea, I moved not, but breathed low, striving to believe that this was a scene forbidden mortal eyes, and after a few minutes of such romantic indulgence, I really feared that to betray any sign of wakefulness would bring upon me sorrow and pain, as the sweet heroine of one of Tieck's charming legends forfeited peace and prosperity by mentioning, in a moment of impulsiveness, the fairy country into which her feet had been permitted to stray in childhood. But suddenly—ay, instantaneously as a flash of lightning—my fancy and calmness were supplanted by terror and amazement; I saw in the light that filled the window, as in a frame, the living, moving reality of a young man—fear and agony of strife in his handsomé face—battling for life, his arms dashing out as if swimming; heavy, wet hanging locks falling down over his forehead. That vision must have been before me for fully a minute, and so distinct, so real, so near was it, and so earnest was the expression of the eyes imploring help, that I shrieked out, and the cry came from the very core of my terrified heart, "Oh God! save him! save him!" and I sprang from my bed in agony. In a moment my father and Margaret had come to my room; I had fainted then, and could only answer their anxious inquiries, when I regained consciousness, by the falsehood: "It was only a horrid dream." At breakfast my father, alarmed at my paleness, wished to send for the physician, but I would not assent. Then he said: "Well, Alice come and take a walk on the beach with me; the gale is trying to blow away and the breakers are tremendous." I was delighted to do so, and in a few minutes we were on the shore. The noise of the waves entirely drowned all attempts at conversation, and the spray washed over us in showers. Numerous sea gulls were hovering over the raging water, screaming shrilly; sometimes battling flutteringly against heavy gusts of the remaining gale; sometimes swooping with wonderful grace and swiftness down to the foaming crests that lasted but a second. Indescribably wild and magnificent was the scene; deafening and terrible its roar.

When we had reached the beach we had stood motionless until my father pulled at my plaid, for it was useless to attempt speaking, and pointed with excitement to where an immense dog lay, apparently lifeless, just above the strong buffets of the surf, but not beyond the whirling eddies that were churned in ripples of foam, about his body. In a moment I rushed to where he was, and with the water to my knees, and almost taking me off my feet at every sweep, I bent over him and put my warm hands through the heavy, curling coat. "Poor, noble old fellow—dead?" But as I said so I saw the great soft eyes open thankfully, and the splendid bush of the tail rise about an inch from the sand and fall again; the half-lifting of the eyelid, and the mite of wag that was left, being all the expression of life remaining to him. When my father, coming towards me, saw my delight, he hurried to the rescue. Together we managed, after many rests, to get him on the rug before our kitchen fire. Yes, we had to stop several times and lay our burden down, because it was an enormous Newfoundland, weighing, my father thought, over one hundred pounds. It was a long time before the poor fellow fully got the use of his limbs, or strength enough to eat the meal I had prepared for him. He was very handsome, and his gratitude and devotion which increased and expressed themselves day by day, in the most courtly grace and deference to every look or movement of mine, were touching to see. At the time the waves had thrown him an offering at my feet, he had on a heavy collar, with a silver plate, marked: "Theo Manton." Of course my father made inquiries, and advertised in the Sag Harbor journals for an owner, but what probability was there that a dog so strangely cast upon the seashore by a storm, would be justly claimed? As it was, there was never any information gained by inquiries or advertisements. In every storm through the winter that was then setting in, would my great dog and friend go down towards night to the beach, and look seaward, howling—perhaps, for the master he had lost. For weeks I tried every name applied to dogs I could remember to see if I could find his own. I ran through the Pontos, Brontes and Watches—the Smiths, Jonses and Robinsons of the dog-directory; and then tried the glossaries of history and romance—Kitmer, Gelert, Hodain and more. The dog would walk or lie beside me, and turn his head towards me as I called each name, but drop his ears and eyes as if in disappointment, and give a gentle wag to his tail in thanks for my attempt.

But one day, about the middle of November, in a walk through the village—and I never went out without my friend—I stopped at the windmill to talk with Israel Grayson, one of the old oracles of our neighborhood. My dog stood with his head just within the door. Nine or ten bags of feed, ground and sifted, stood ranged along the wall, and I tried to name correctly to the miller the contents of each bag as I gathered some in my hands. About the last I was in some doubt; I hesitated a moment looked inquiringly at old Grayson, who was smiling at my perplexity, and exclaimed: "Now I know—Bran!" As I spoke that word, my dog gave a loud bark, actually a dog-laugh, and pounced into the mill, put his fore-feet on the bag I was standing by, and kissed me on the chin. "Why, Bran—Bran—old fellow, is that your name? Bran; Bran?" How delighted the great beauty was. He twisted his body like whalebone, from side to side, jumping and careering in delight, and wagging his tail with tremendous velocity, barking all the while in rapid tremors of joy. I, too, was so pleased to find his name, that Bran and I ran races across the fields all the way home; I not tiring of calling Bran! Bran! and he barking furiously at every call, and jumping to kiss my hands. At length he caught the parcel I was carrying and dashed ahead, throwing it up once or twice to catch it again in his mouth, trying to incite me to get it from him; but he got home first, and carried my thick shoes to my father. I followed in a few minutes, laughing and excited.

"Why, father, I have found his name; did you ever hear of a dog named Bran?"

"Bran? Why of course, Alice; Bran was a celebrated dog; second to none of the canine worthies. Bran was the companion of Fingal. You shall read about him to-night in my "Irish Legends; I remember, too, that there is an account of him besides in the 'Legends of the County Clare.' How funny it is that the story there contrasted romantically with his appearance here. It is asserted, if I remember the legend rightly, that, having chased a snow-white hart for many hours, Bran sprang after it into a small lake. The deer vanished on touching the water. A beautiful lady appeared in its stead, laid her hand on the dog's head, and submerged him forever; and the cliff from which he sprang is called 'Craig-a-Bran.'"

"How splendid, father, that this dear old fellow is called 'Bran. Why, it is the same dog, of course—I see it all. He swam, after sinking in the lake, under its banks, through a long cave of water; that took him years. How long ago is it—a century! Well, it took him years and years, and then he came out into the sea away off on the west shore of Ireland, and emigrated, as every one does, from that country and came here. No wonder he was so tired; a Scotch girl—and Fingal, his master, was really a Scotchman, wasn't he, father?—put her hands round his dear body, and rescued him. How splendid! And we must call the seashore here: 'Saved-Craig-a-Bran.'"

From that time, two more attached and sympathizing friends than Bran and I never existed. It was knight and lady. He so devoted to my service; always so generous, so considerate, so brave; I feeling perfectly secure in his guardianship; happy in his company; proud in his love; proud, too, of his great courage and prowess, in so chivalric a knight. Bran! dear, dear Bran! you lie buried now on that same sea-side spot. Five years ago you laid your noble head, grown gray and feeble, in my lap, as we sat on that same Easthampton beach, and, with a last grateful wag, and long, soft dream-like moan your eyes fading on mine the while, your life went out. For the first time on that beach I wept, as one may weep for such a friend; and there, now, as I write, I know the roll of the surf that chants to your grave, for there was one whom you had lost once and found again, whom you loved as well as me, who had carried your dear old body down to the beach that day, and who laid you afterwards in a grave as enduring as those in the old Southampton churchyard, close the surf, on 'Saved-Craig-a-Bran.'

The second summer after Bran was given to me by the sea, was really gay in Easthampton. There were more nice people there than ever before—from New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. One evening I went up to the hotel to a hop, which was expected to be the gayest of the season. I had been dancing, and being very warm, asked my partner to get me a seat by the window. The steady night-breeze, in passing, left some of its freshness where I sat; I could hear the crickets and katy-dids; I could see the grass silvered with dew and moonlight. I enjoyed that, and yet I could hear the bright conversation of my companion, and the laughter and chatter in the ball-room, and be aware of the dust and heat, and the many flickering candles that surrounded the crowd. I was on its outskirts, and could ignore at will its clamor and jangle for the deep booming of the ocean. I do not know if I was not growing deaf to the former and rather conscious of the latter, when I heard a familiar voice—it was Mrs. Ralston's—say:

"Alice, you and Mr. Grant seem oblivious to quadrilles and polkas;" and, as I turned from the window, she continued; "I wish to introduce to Miss Macdonald, Mr. Man—"

I could not catch the name distinctly; but an agreeable figure was bowing before me. As the face was lifted, I saw my vision of the night of the storm—my constant companion, in spirit and fancy, of the last two years—in human body and expression. My emotions surged through me, bringing astonishment, fear and delight. Whether my companion talked to me for five minutes or an hour, I do not know; what he said or whether I answered, I do not know. I did not faint, but the scenes about me were a blur—the sounds a hum. Everything was confused and indefinite. The first words of his that I understood as the shock wore off, were:

"Miss Macdonald, I fear you are not well; you have grown so pale; may I get you a glass of water?"

"No, I thank you," I answered, "but if you will take me to my father, who is probably on the piazza, I will go home; I do feel unwell."

As we went towards the door Mrs. Ralston came up and said:

"Why, Alice, surely you are not going so early? Well, I have something to tell you first." The gentleman handed me to my father, bowed and withdrew. "Your partner, is he not handsome? I have known him for several years, but he only arrived here to-day. I was talking with him when he saw you sitting in the window, and immediately, as he caught sight of you, he looked as if he had seen a spirit, and exclaimed, in the most theatrical manner, 'Gracious heavens, how strange!" and then he apologized to me:—'Excuse my emphasis, Mrs. Ralston; but the face in that window astonished me by its likeness to one which I saw two years ago under very remarkable circumstances; please introduce me to that young lady!'" She hurriedly whispered that information, and, as she kissed me good night, added, "It is strange, is it not, Alice?"

The form which had visited at night, but when I was fully awake, and which had appeared so tangibly and impressively two years ago; that associate existence, twin companion of my life since that night; the real, living being who had conversed with me just now in the ball-room—all these were one—that I knew. The fact had the terror of a mystery; it was enchanting. To understand or explain it I could not; yet it monopolized all my thoughts—filled me with dread, yet pleasure.

My dear old father did not notice my absence of mind and silence, as we took our way arm-in-arm, down the quiet road and over the stile to the path in the dew-covered fields, coming nearer all the while to the increasing dashing of the surf. Bran met us with a whine and gambol of delight. All through the night I slept not. Bran snored on the threshold of my room. In the morning I got up and went about as if in a dream. I did not go out to join the bathers on the beach, and I felt glad that no visitors from the hotel called. But after tea I and Bran sauntered to the seashore. We went along the beach for a couple of miles. The twilight was long and soft. The waves rolled in with midsummer drowsiness. Bran neither dashed through the breakers nor ran on ahead. He noticed my thoughtfulness and quiet, and suited his manner to mine, stepping slowly by my side, his cold nose on my hand. I was aroused by Bran's hurrying ahead of me a few steps, and giving a low inquiring growl. A gentleman was approaching—it was he to whom I had been introduced last night—the subject of my thoughts.

"Miss Macdonald, this is an unexpected pleasure. I have been enjoying a stroll on your seashore—how grand it is?"

While I answered him as well as my emotions would permit, I noticed how strangely Bran was acting. He would put his nose close to the gentleman's hands, and then turn towards the sea and snuff up the breeze with a perplexed moan, for it was not exactly a bark; then he would smell the gentleman's boots, and repeat his performance to the sea; and then he acted as if half frightened, half delighted, tearing about us with his tail dropped; and then he sat before the stranger in questioning amazement. I saw that he was shivering as if with cold, and that he lashed his tail from side to side in the sand.

"What a beautiful dog—he reminds me wonderfully of one I once owned. Pray what is his name?"

"Bran," I said.

"Bran?"

No sooner had he repeated the word with the great emphasis he did, than Bran was on him. He sprang and licked his face—howled—barked as if mad—jumped back, and then up again on the stranger licked him—cried. He seemed trying, the great, beautiful animal, to climb and paw all over him; his brown curls and moustache were in Bran's shaggy coat. He forgot my presence and laid his head on Bran's neck, his arms still holding the immense dog against his breast, and Bran motionless, except his tail, which he whipped from side to side in ecstacy, while he moaned in the sadness of perfect happiness. He had found his master.

On the same evening that Bran found his master, Mr. Manton told me, as we were returning to the house, that exactly two years before he was on his way in a small brig to New York from Portland, where he had been in his capacity of an officer of engineers in the United States army, to inspect some fortifications, and that he had with him this same dog Bran, about two years old then, and which he had raised from a puppy. All that night it had blown a gale. They supposed themselves in the neighborhood of Montauk Point, tho'the captain had not had an observation in forty-eight hours. That night, or rather in the morning, about two, when the wind had lulled somewhat, and whilst the brig was still laying to, he went on deck and stood by the forward bulwarks, talking to the captain. Hardly had he been there five minutes—Bran standing close by his side—when a sudden sea struck the vessel so violently as to throw him in the sea. The captain immediately cast him a life-preserver, which, fortunately, hung in the companion-way right at hand; but before that Bran had sprung after his master, and was beside him when he caught the life-preserver. In a few seconds more, he had hold of a rope the captain had also thrown, and with the help of some of the crew, was got safely on deck. The danger had been as extreme as it was brief. All attempts to lasso Bran, brave fellow, and rescue him were in vain. He was tossed past them on the waves, and was soon lost sight of. After he had told me that much, Mr. Manton hesitated for a while, and then smiled as he said the strangest part of his advneture was yet to be told.—While buffeting with the waves in these moments of darkness and danger, he had seen, as he might in a very startling dream, a girl's face looking at him with fearful anxiety.—The appearance was for but a flash of time, yet it had clung to his memory ever since, perhaps impressed the more because he had again and again, since the occurrence, wondered in metaphysical speculation over it. At the ball he recognized in my face the prototype of his vision.

I did not tell him then of my spectral visitation: of the wonderful coincidence in our experiences on the same night and at the same hour. My astonishment almost amounted to terror as I heard his story.

It was again the twenty seventh of October, but that of a very different night from that of two years ago—calm and mild, with some of summer's warmth yet lingering in the evening clouds. After tea, which Mr. Manton had taken with us, he and I walked out on the beach, as we had done almost every evening in the three months that had passed so happily to me. We had the hard, shell-sprinkled bed of the low tide before us; the indistinct brownness of the fields and bluff on one side; the vast, soft-spread gleam of the waning twilight on the ocean, stretched on the other. We walked on. Night came; it was black about us; only the white rim of the little breakers splashing near as the track for our path. Out of the darkness, on the ocean side of us, there spread from one spot a half-circle of just perceptible mellow light—it increased, grew brighter, softer, throwing silver-like tentacles into the waves that rolled between it and us. The sky became visible, and a small dark cloud just above was rimmed with silver. A moment later, and the yelmed rim of the moon peeped above the sea line, and grew and deepened in fullnes and warmth until its sphere was perfect. The liget showed a seine house near us, and the skeleton of an old boat. In that I found a seat, and Mr. Manton spread a shawl for me. He sat on the sand with his back against the broken bow. Neither of us spoke for an hour, I suppose, until Mr. Manton rose and walked up and down by the boat and said:

"Miss Macdonald—Alice—what fitter time than this to say what my heart urges—I love you!" Leaning his arms on the boat's side, he asked: "Alice—will you be mine?

I made some answer, I suppose, for he came and sat beside me. It was then, with my hand in his, and Bran looking up into our faces, that I told him of what I had seen two years ago that nghit, and how I knew now that I had loved him ever since that time. We were married in the spring. It was he, my husband, Theodore Manton, who, five years ago, carried Bran down to the seaside, for he had grown too old and feeble to walk without pain. There, as I told you before, Bran died with his head in my lap, and Theodore made his grave on the little bluff we always called "Saved-Craig-a-Bran." A part of every year we still pass at my old home, and my white-haired father has found new friends and his dearest companions in two wild, sturdy boys.

A TRUE DOG STORY.

BY PAUL WARD.

The Newfoundland dog's name was Tippoo. The bull-dog's was Boxer. They were neighbors of mine in early life, and I was personally acquainted with both animals, though on widely different grounds of intimacy. Tippoo was my bosom friend, and I loved him. Boxer was Tippoo's most relentless and cruel enemy, for which reason I hated him, and would have sought his blood, but that—being of tender years, and cautious temperament, conscious, moreover, of presenting an appetising display of bare leg, insisted on by the sumptuary laws of the period—I thought it possible that he might take a fancy to mine; and so, as a rule, kept discreetly out of his way. For he was an ugly dog was Boxer, and a vicious; a bandy-legged, black-muzzled, truculent, nervous-cared, tight-skinned, implacable, ill-conditioned dog, very like my *beau ideal* of what the Champion of England ought to be.

Tippoo was a very different kind of quadruped. I believe him to have been the most perfect gentleman that ever stood on four legs, just as I believe Boxer to have been the most consummate ruffian that ever was lifted, by the agency of hemp-cord, from any number of those locomotive supports. Tippoo was nearly as tall as my self. I could just look over his glossy, silken-ringleted back, when cuddling his noble neck. He wore a full suit of black and white, particularly snowy at the bosom. He was as strong as a lion, and as gentle as a lamb. Next to playing with me, (which I am proud to believe was his favorite pastime,) he delighted in nothing so much as the exercise of carrying in his mouth a favorite cat attached to the household of which he was a conspicuous member, to the bottom of a steep lawn; then releasing, and running a race with her to the top. The cat was generally the winner, and always seemed to enjoy the triumph immensely. To this day, I believe Tippoo made a point of running slowly on purpose, so as gallantly to concede victory to the weaker vessel.

Tippoo belonged to a country gentleman (a sort of "half-squire," as they would say in Ireland) who resided opposite my father's house. In my opinion, and in that of the majority of my playmates, Tippoo was the most important and respectable inhabitant of the village, up to the advent of Boxer who came among us unexpectedly, on a visit to Tippoo's master, in the train of a sporting lawyer of detestable memory. As soon as that subversive brute (Boxer—not the sporting lawyer) had made his appearance, we felt much as the loyal servants of King Louis the Sixteenth must have felt on the outbreak of the great French Revolution. Monarchy was deposed in favor of blackguardism. But the blackguard was strong and merciless, with a set of terrible white teeth ever eager to bite. So that we poor little partisans of the ancient *regime* were fain to clench our important fists in secret.

Tippoo had no chance against Boxer. What is the use of a well-dressed gentleman, let him be never so strong or skilful in the use of his clenched digits, descending from his cabriolet to do battle with a scavenger armed with a mud shovel! He sedulously avoided Boxer, who on his side, lost no opportunity of hunting out and persecuting Tippoo. Tippoo was losing character dreadfully. He neglected his food, kept his kennel, and was unanimously pronounced a coward of the most contemptible stamp. His very court flatterers (we were no better than the more matured and ambitious of our species) began to blush for their sovereign's pusillanimity.

One day the masters of the two dogs stood on the lawn already alluded to, in amicable converse with a third person, no other than my own father—to whom I am indebted for the details of this instructive story. Boxer stood between his proprietor's legs, which like his own were bandy. I have the keenest recollection of those legs—master's and dog's—and I remember that the whole six were modeled upon the same pattern, which was one extremely distasteful to my feelings.

"Holloa!" said my father, "here comes Tip. We shall soon see him sneak away when he discovers Boxer. Dreadful coward, that big dog of yours, Matthews, to be sure."

"Well, he used not to be so," said Tippoo's master reluctantly, "but I must confess that since Wilkins has been here with his bull, the overgrown cur has made me ashamed of him."

"No call for that," said the bull-dog's master, "better dogs than Tip have funked at the sight of my Boxer. By jove, though, he hasn't bolted yet. He'd better, or Boxer will murder him!"

Boxer certainly showed playful indications of a desire to attempt that experiment, by pricking up his ears and starting off at a brisk trot in the direction of Tippoo, who, however, to the astonishment of the spectators, made no movement towards recovering the shelter of his easily accessible kennel. On the contrary he seemed to wait for and encourage his aggresor's attack.

"The dog's mad, clearly," said the lawyer.

"Looks like it," Mr. Matthews assented. "He isn't acting like a dog in his senses."

"Getting very near the water, though, for a mad dog," observed my father.

And in, truth, to get near the water was the main object of Tippoo, than whom a more thoroughly sane dog did not exist at that epoch of canine history.

There was a deep dyke running at the bottom of the lawn, fed from the reservoir of a neighboring tin-mill, and which had been greatly swollen by the recent rains. Tippoo, keeping his large full eyes carefully fixed upon his approaching foe, sidled in a coquettish, serpentine manner towards the brink of this artificial steam.

There the bull-dog flew at and pinned him. Tippoo crouched on the grass prostrate, submitting to the outrage without a growl.

"Call him off Wilkins," said Tippoo's master, in excited tones. "The purest Newfoundland in the country! I wouldn't have him injured for a hundred dollars!"

"Hi! Boxer! Here boy! Good dog! Let go!" the sporting lawer clamored, as a shower of sticks and stones were launched by the trio of spectators to enforce the command.

But Boxer would not let go, and Tip would not resist or run. He merely kept on slipping, sliding, and lumbering towards the brink of the water, dragging the bull-dog with him by the mere inert force of his superior weight.

Suddenly a splash was heard! and the triumph of Boxer was at an end. The combatants had rooled together into the swift, deep current of the dyke, and there they speedily changed places. I say "speedily," narrating as I do an actual fact; though I am aware that it may seem to require some explanation, inasmuch, as the grip of a bull-dog is supposed to be a final affair, lasting the life-time of the pinner or the pinned. I can only suggest that my friend Tippoo was from the first so completely on the alert as to prevent his ruffianly antagonist from getting a sure and firm hold. However, that may be, Tippoo, released from custody, in his turn seized his assaliant by the neck; held him under the water and *drowned him!* The brave, sagacious water-dog, wrongly imagined to be a coward, knew his own power in his own element, and had watched his opportunity. Would that we were all as wise!

Ere the just execution had been thoroughly accomplished, Tippoo's glossy, patrician hide was pretty well out to pieces by the missiles now hurled at him instead of at his aggressor. But he received them all without a wince, till he felt that his enemy under the water was thoroughly dead. Then he brought the ignoble carcass out of the stream between his teeth, threw it on the grass with a jerk, and stood with his fore-paw resting on its flank with a calmly defiant expression, that might clearly be translated by the words:

"*Now*, let this dirty, ugly rascal, presume to take liberties with his betters. Make the best of him as he lies there!"

I know this story to be a true one, for my father told it to me. Moreover I remember exulting over the sight of the drowned Boxer's disfigured remains (just the least thing in the world ashamed of the feeling, perhaps, but I certainly felt it,) and doing my best to console my darling Tippoo for his unsightly wounds, by gifts of stolen refreshment—the best medicine I knew how to offer. I suppose that Tippoo, also, is dead by this time. Most of my early friends are, and it may be my turn next, as likely as not.

RIGHTS OF COLORED TRAVELERS.

The following incident well illustrates the prompt and impartial manner in which Gen. Butler administers justice in his department:

Two weeks ago (says the *Anglo-African*) a very respectable colored lady by the name of Clara Duncan left New York city, in company with a gentleman named Walker and a Miss Bassett (white), for Norfolk, being sent by the Amerinan Missionary's Asscciation as teachers to the freed people. Proceeding to Baltimore they embarked on the steamer for Fortress Monroe, Miss Duncan and Miss Bassett occupying the same state room, and at the first meal Miss Duncan going with the other passengers to the first table.

After tea, the clerk called Mr Walker aside and inquired whether he knew the regulations of the boat. Mr. Walker replied that he did not. The clerk then said, we don't allow niggers to eat at the first table. And you go and tell her to come out of that saloon to a place prepared for her, or I shall take her down publicly. During the conversation, the mail agent, by the name of Rollins, stepped up and said that Mr. Walker was no gentleman for traveling with a nigger wench, neither was Miss Bassett a lady for occupying the same state-room. Arrangements were made for Miss Duncan to remain in her state-room until the boat arrived at Fortress Monroe.

On arrival at Fort Monroe the case was laid before Gen. Butler, who summoned all the parties to his presence. He sharply questioned the clerk of the boat, named Wilson, who confessed that no one objected to Miss Duncan's presence at the table, but it was against the rules of the boat, and Rollins, the mail agent, who acknowledged that he had no buisness to meddle in the affair. The colloquy then took another turn:

The General to Mr. Wilson—"When John or Susan traveled with master or mistress, they could stay in the saloon or sleep in the same state room, could they not?"

Wilson—"Yes."

Gen.—"Well now, I would like to ask one more question: Which do you consider the highest state of civilization, the slave in his chains or the free person of color?"

Wilson—"I do not know—I guess—I think—well, I suppose, the free person."

Gen.—"You admit, then, the free man. Well, all I want is that the free man shall have the same rights the slave once enjoyed; they shall sit in the saloons, occupy state rooms, and go to the first table if they desire."

The result of the matter was, that Wilson, the clerk, was let off with an intimation that such an incident must not be allowed to occur again, but Rollins, the mail agent, having no excuse for his insolent intermeddling, was discharged from the government service.

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.

The simple interest of one cent, at 6 per cent. per annum, from the commencement of the christian era to the close of the past year, 1863, would be but the trifling sum of 11 dollars 17 cents and 8 mills; but if the same principal, at the same rate and time, had been allowed to accumulate at compound interest, it would require the enormous number of 84,840 billions of globes of solid gold, each equal to the earth in magnitude, to pay the interest; and if the sum were equally divided among the inhabitants of the earth—now estimated to be one thousand millions—every man, woman and child would receive 84,840 golden worlds for an inheritance. Were all these globes placed side by side in a direct line, it would take lightning itself, that can girdle the earth in the wink of an eye, 73,000 years to travel from end to end. And if a Parrott gun were discharged at one extremity while a man wasstationed at the other—light travelling 194,000 miles in a second, the initial velocity of a cannon ball being about 1500 feet per second, and in this case supposed to continue at the same rate, and sound moving through the atmosphere 1120 feet in a second—he would see the flash after waiting 110,000 years; the ball would reach him in 74,000,000,000 of years, but he would not hear the report till the end of one thousand million of centuries.

Again, if all these masses of gold were fused into one prodigious ball, having the sun for its center, it would reach out into space, in all directions, one thousand seven hundred and thirty-two millions of miles, almost reaching the orbit of Herschel or Uranus; and if the interest were continued to the end of the present century, it would entirely fill up the solar system, and even encroach five hundred millions of miles on the domains of the void beyond the planet Neptune, whose orbit, at the distance of two thousand eight hundred and fifty millions of miles from the sun encircles our whole system of worlds.

FRESH AIR IN FEVERS.

In a pamphlet entitled *Application du Grand Air dans le Traitemedi de la Fievre Typhoide*; Dr. Hampton of Paris, publishes several remarkable cures, chiefly attributable to the free admission of air to the patient's bedroom. He considers a typhus fever to be a kind of paralysis or asphyxia of all the vital functions, occasioned by the respiration of a deleterious atmosphere, emanating either from the typhoid patient or from any other morbid source, and he practically demonstrates not only the great advantage to be derived from the effect of open air in the treatment of typhus fever, but he pronounces the absolute immunity from contagion or infection in the open air. The patient cannot be exposed to any danger under any circumstances of complication by other diseases, or from the temperature of the atmosphere; for if the patient is kept warm in bed by artificial means, the free breathing of pure fresh air will at all times keep up the natural animal heat. In typhus fever, complications of all kinds of the lungs or any other organ, only render the free access of pure fresh air more necessary. The beneficial effect of fresh air also enables the practitioner to administer stimulants which the patient might otherwise be unable to bear.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

FORGOT SOMETHING.

A fashionably dressed lady entered a car on the Hudson River Railroad a few evenings since, and, after standing for some minutes, a young gentleman rose and gave her his seat. She made no acknowledgment of this act of courtesy. The cars stopped at an upper station on the river, and the lady was about to leave the cars, when a quaint old Dutch gentleman called to her, "Madam, you have forgotten something." "What sir?" said the lady. "Why, you forgot to thank the young man for your seat."

☞A Danish writer speaks of a hut so miserable that it didn't know which way to fall and so kept standing. This is like the man that had such a complication of diseases that he did not know what to die of, and so lived on.

☞Cheerfulness arises half from personal goodness, and half from a belief in the personal goodness of others.

☞Why is a thriving tradesman like ice?—Because he is solvent.

GARDINER'S
RHEUMATIC AND NEURALGIC
COMPOUND.

We refer those who are afflicted with either of these troublesome and painful complaints to the advertisement of the above remedy, and particularly to the testimonials to its efficacy which the advertisement contains. There is one feature of these testimonials which is peculiar. They are not signed by persons who reside in the furthermost parts of the earth, unknown to any one, but by well-known citizens of Boston—the influence of whose names would never be given to an article which was not worthy the public confidence. We know of a case in which a gentleman has suffered from Neuralgia, and which had been given over as incurable, who, after trying three bottles of the Compound has experienced great relief and is now confident of recovery. Under these circumstances, we feel willing to recommend the Compound to the attention of our readers.—*Zion's Herald.*

This is a remarkable medicine, and performs great cures.

Warranted a cure or no pay.

Removed to 91 Washington street, up one flight. 8w15*

A SURE CURE FOR
FEMALE WEAKNESS.

This is the best medicine known made from an Indian recipe, entirely vegetable, and a certain cure without the aid of Supporters.

Read the following testimonials:

NORTH JAY, Me., Jan. 18, 1862

MRS. BELCHER: I cannot say enough in favor of your medicine, for you may judge: I had been sick five years, three years of which I have worn Supporters. Grief nearly everything, with little or no benefit. As soon as I began to take your medicine, I began to gain. Four bottles cured me. I am so thankful to think I have regained my health, it seems as though I could not say enough to you or my female friends in its favor. Respectfully yours,

MISS JANE B. BARTLETT.

RANDOLPH, MASS., Oct. 10, 862.

MRS. BELCHER: I had been a sufferer for seven years before I knew about your medicine. I had no faith, for I had tried vari ous kinds of medicine, and several physicians, and was only relieved for a short time. I will cheerfully say to you and the public, I have tried this valuable female medicine, and experienced a cure, without the aid of supporters, from three bottles.

Very respectfully, MRS. G. H. WINSETT.

Prepared and sold by MRS. LINUS BELCHER, Randolph Mass., to whom all letters of inquiry should be addressed.

For sale by GEO. C. GOODWIN & Co., No. 38 Hanover St., and by REDDING & Co., No. 8 State St., Boston, Mass., and MRS. LEWIS PACKARD, North Jay, Me. Price $1 per bottle.

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DR. E. G. GOULD'S
PIN WORM SYRUP

Is the first and only remedy ever offered to the public for the effectual removal of the Ascarides or Pin Worms from the human system. It offers relief in 24 hours, and a cure is warranted when taken according to directions, which accompany each bottle.

Few medical compounds have gained so high a reputation in this section as Dr. E. G. Gould's Pin Worm Syrup. We are assured it never fails to eradicate from the system those distressing pests. Children who could find no relief have been restored to health by the use of this Syrup.—*Portland Courier.*

Dr. E. G. Gould's Pin Worm Syrup has already become one of our standard medecines, and is being rapidly accepted by the Medical Faculty who have tested its merits.—*Boston Journal.*

Geo C. Goodwin & Co., Boston, General Agents.

Sold in Augusta by F. W. KINSMAN, EBEN FULLER and C. F. POTTER, DORR & CRAIG, and Druggists generally.

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TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE PETITION OF CHARLES DANFORTH, Administrator, on the estate of Robert G. Hildreth, late of W. st Gardiner, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, respectfully represents, that the pers nal estate of said deceased, is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate by the sum of about six hundred dollars; that said deceased died seized and possessed of certain real estate, situate in West Gardiner, in said County, and described as follows:—The homestead farm of the deceased, and a lot of bog land of about three acres. And the said Administrator requests that he may be empowered, agreeably to law, to sell and convey all the above described real estate, together with the reversion of the widow's dower therein, pursuant to the provisions of law, either at public or private sale.

CHARLES DANFORTH.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Court of Probate, at AUGUSTA, on the second Monday of April, 1864.

On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.*

A true copy of the Petition and Order thereon.

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.* 19*

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Guardian of Olive E. Magner, Jacob S. Magner and Ephraim H. Magner, of Wayne, minors, respectfully represents, that said minors are seized and possessed of the following described real estate, viz:—All the interest of said wards in six and a half acres of land with an old house thereon, lately owned and occupied by David Magner, deceased, situate in said Wayne. That an advantageous offer of one hundred and twenty-five dollars has been made for the same, which offer it is for the interest of all concerned immediately to accept, the proceeds of sale to be placed at interest for the benefit of said wards. Said Guardian therefore prays for license to sell and convey the above described real estate to the person making said offer.

SAMUEL ROBINSON.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Court of Probate, at AUGUSTA, on the second Monday of April, 1864.

On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.*

A true copy of the petition and order thereon.

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.* 19*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of April*, 1864.

CAPTAIN JAMES HAMMERTON having presented the last will and testament of DAVID K. HOYT, late of Wayne, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of May next, and show cause, if any why the same should not be allowed.

H. K BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.*

True copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register* 19*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of April*, 1864.

JOSEPH H. WALL, Administrator on the Estate of William Robins, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta in said County, on the second Monday of May next, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A TRUE COPY—Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 19*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of April*, 1864.

HORACE PARLIN, Administrator on the estate of Eliza Harlow, late of Winthrop, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of May next, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.*

True copy. Attest: J. BURTON. *Register.* 19*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of April*, 1864.

CHARLES B. CATES, Executor of the last will and testament of Selina Weeks, late of Vassalborough, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given to all persons